



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



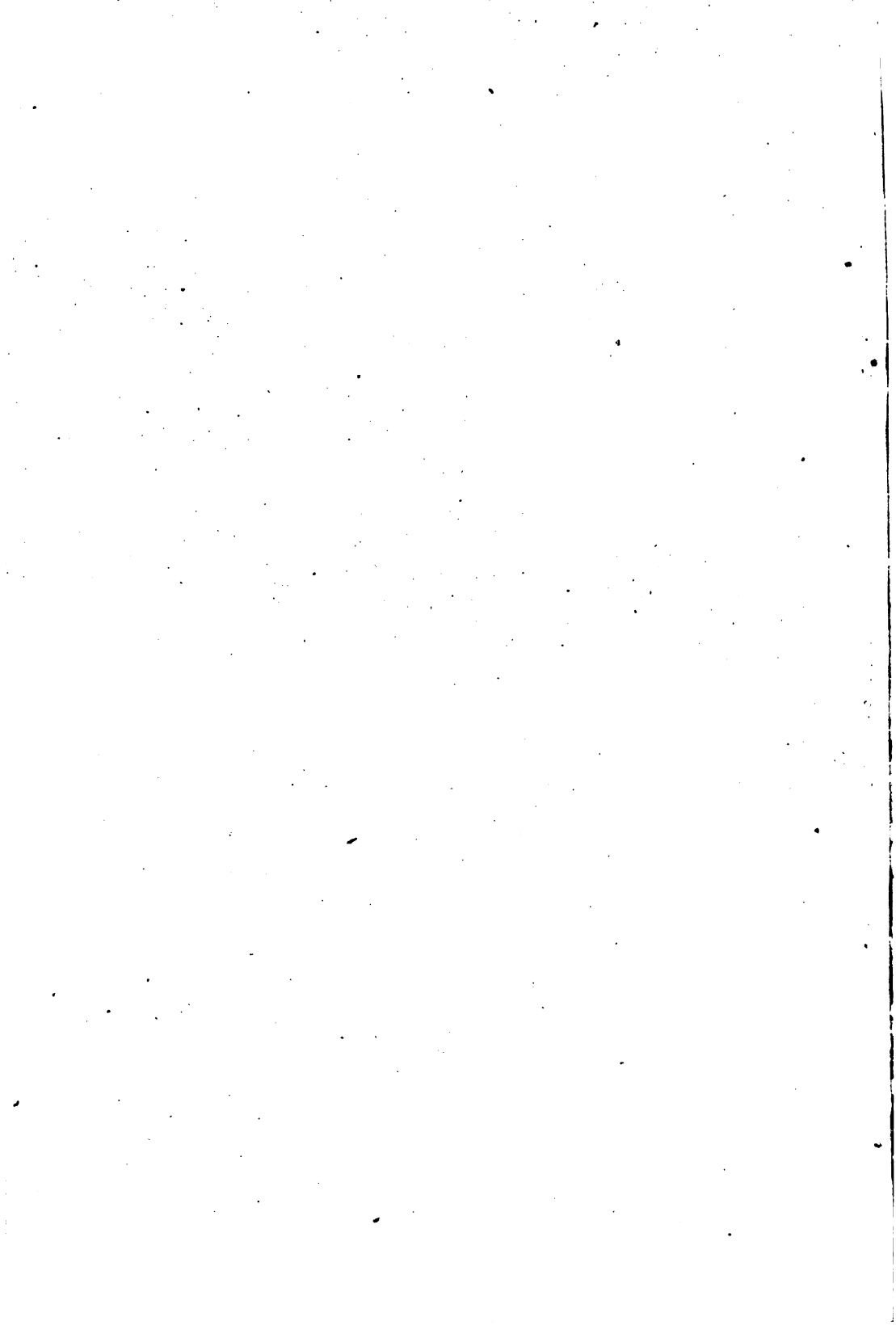
3 3433 07583831 2

A DREAM OF LIFE

OSCAR W. STREETER

8 trees

NBI



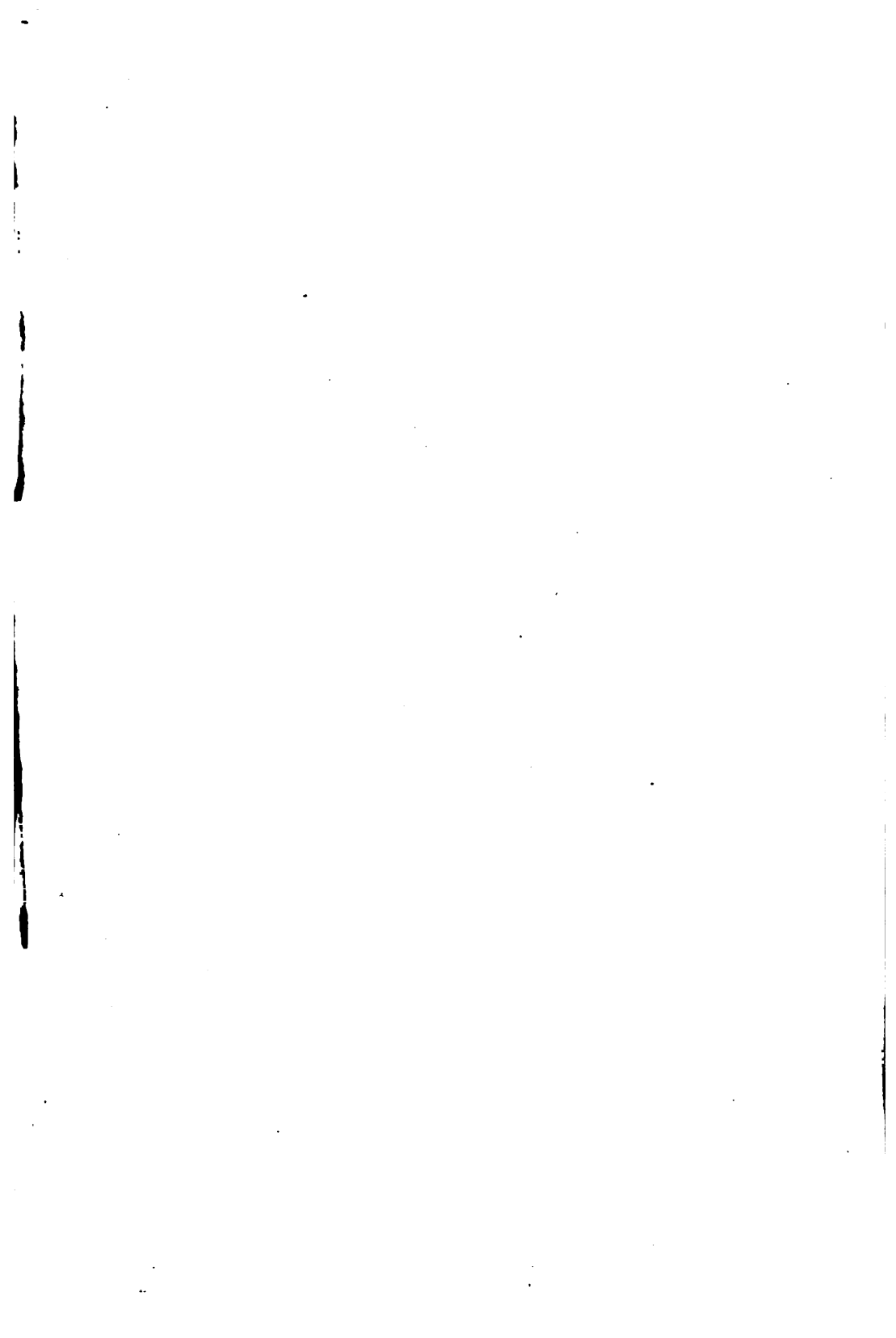
THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

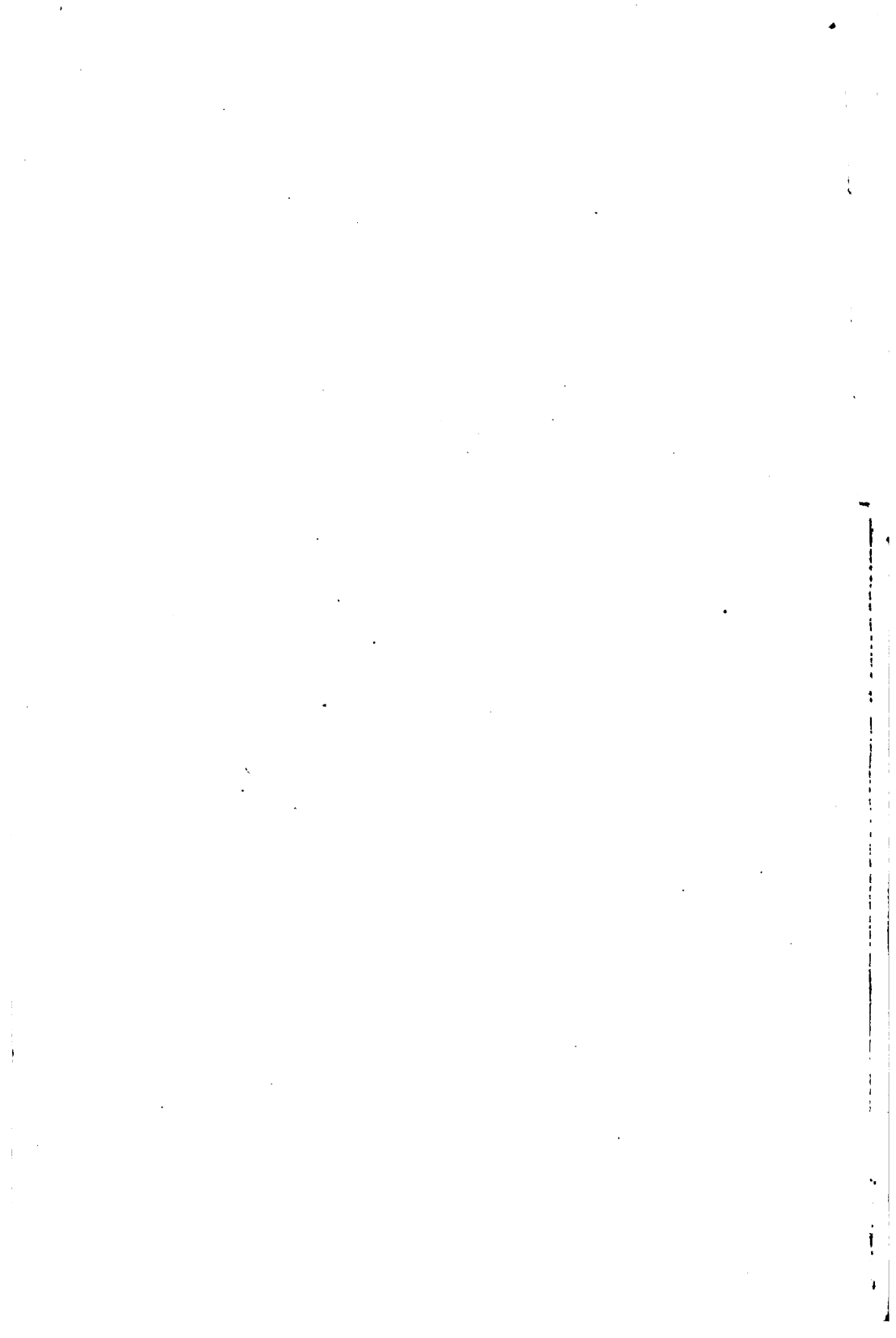
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



"THE HOMELESS BOY."

At Eight Years of Age.





A DREAM OF LIFE

IN OTHER WORLDS
WITH GOD IN EVERYTHING

1

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

OSCAR W. STREETER

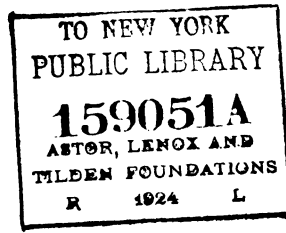
"The Homeless Boy"

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

BOSTON

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY

1901



Copyright, 1901,
O. W. STREETER

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

TYPOGRAPHY AND PRESSWORK
S. J. PARKHILL & CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

INTRODUCTION

BY HARRISON D. BARRETT

THE life of every self-made man is always replete with interesting facts to the reading public. The biography of Hon. Oscar W. Streeter is no exception to this rule. Born in the humble home of a country physician in one of the Middle Atlantic States, he was early thrown out upon the world as a society waif, and experienced all of the hardships and vicissitudes that fall to the lot of the average homeless boy. The story of his struggle with cruel poverty, with the stony hearted indifference of the masters to whom he was bound, with the physical sufferings visited upon him, is full of interest, yet is not made too prominent in the brief sketch of his busy life. In perusing this interesting record, the reader finds himself rejoicing in every victory won by the "Homeless Boy," and in the determined purpose he ever manifested in his battle with the world to achieve success. His indomitable will carried him through many stern conflicts that would have appalled even stoutest hearts. But he saw beyond, the goal of success, and he never lowered his gaze even when the battle raged most fiercely around him.

His escape from bondage, his journey westward, his determined battle with the forces of nature, his zealous efforts to obtain an education, are all touched upon in a way that cannot fail to hold the interest of the reader from first to last. His descriptions of frontier life and the condition of the unbroken prairies and forests of the Great West throw a new light upon the history of the early settlement of the Mississippi Valley and adjacent regions. In fact, it is not too much to

24 X 36-6 T (11.11.11)

say that Mr. Streeter has brought out many historical facts hitherto unknown to those who have presumed to write upon the subject of Western life. In this respect his work will have an added value, and will become a book of reference to those who in the future will be called upon to deal with the history of the West. Perhaps he could have said more with respect to the subjugation of the Western wilds for the profit and pleasure of his readers, but what he has given bears the great merit of authenticity, which stamps it as being of the utmost value to those who shall read his teeming pages.

His entrance into the political arena marked an epoch in his life. From humble beginnings he had hewn his own pathway up the mountain of Difficulty, and every step was cut into the solid rock of Destiny. There is something of great interest to the student of human nature as he watches or marks the development of the powers of a human soul. Psychologically considered, the life of Judge Streeter offers a wide field of research. As he climbed the mountain side, he gained confidence in himself, and was soon able to wield a healthful influence over his fellowmen. He was called to many positions of trust and honor, but he never failed to render a just and true account of his stewardship. He was the friend of the people and their interests were his interests throughout his long and useful public career. From the day of his admission to the practice of law down to the present hour, Judge Streeter's aim has been to conserve the ends of justice and to rise above the petty technicalities that are too often resorted to in order to thwart an equitable adjustment of the points at issue.

The story of his official life is brief, and yet there is one act in his career as a legislator that should endear his memory to the millions of people now residing in the great Northwest. That act is the framing of the famous "Homestead Law," and the labor he expended in securing its enactment as a portion of the statutes of his State. To that act thousands of the worthy poor in the North Star State owe their homes and homesteads to-day. His patriotism is only incidentally men-

tioned, yet he offered his sword to his country in the dark days of the Rebellion, and did his best to preserve the integrity of the old flag. His reminiscences of Gen. James Shields, as well as the letters from that noble patriot, are replete with information, yet the reader will find himself wishing that Judge Streeter's associations with that famous military hero had been described at greater length. Judge Streeter retired from the army when his chief was compelled to resign his command, but he had won for himself a colonelcy through his devotion to duty. Military glory is only an incident in the life of the most successful chieftain who ever led the serried hosts of men into action, hence, while it is a part of the history of Judge Streeter's life, it pales into insignificance when contrasted with that which he has won in other fields of labor.

Of his travels through the Dakotas, Montana, the then territories of the Rocky Mountains, also California, Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico, more could have been said for the enlightenment of the reader. In those far-off days the countries he visited were but sparsely settled by whites, and were the homes of roving bands of Indians. The mineral wealth, the arable lands, the forests, and other important matters connected with every unsettled country could not fail to be of interest to the student of history, who will, therefore, wish that these travels of the Judge had been given greater prominence in the narrative. But he has said enough to lead the earnest reader to search for other and complete histories of the sections mentioned, hence his work will be the schoolmaster to lead those who read it to a knowledge of the truth. The Judge throws much light, even in his brief pages, upon the conditions of the early settlers of what are now the great Rocky Mountain States. Of the birds and animals that were then plentiful, he also makes mention, and thereby shows his readers what changes time has wrought in the States mentioned.

Modest reference is made to his acquaintance and association with the noted statesmen and jurists of long ago. For many years he was the law partner of Gen. Thomas Ewing,

an eminent leader in Ohio politics in past years. He was brought into association with the most prominent statesmen of the land, and yet finds time to only briefly refer to those relations. It was his aim to be a man among men, rather than to shine by the light of the glory reflected by even the greatest of men. It is only fair to say that Judge Streeter easily made friends, and that he had the happy faculty of keeping them after they once became his friends. It is ever thus with strong natures who have been able to conquer environment, and to trample upon the hindrances of circumstance. Such a man never fails to leave an indelible mark for good upon the history of his State or nation. This Judge Streeter has already done through his legal, his legislative and other official acts for more than fifty years.

Probably no man is better versed in the history of the Northwest than is Judge Streeter. He has been identified with it from the time of the first settlements that were made in the unbroken wilderness of the West, and has literally grown up with the country. Fame and fortune have long been his, and the former will never desert his name. Misfortunes may deprive him of material wealth, but the higher riches of good deeds and a well-spent life are his forever. He is in all respects a self-made man, and he deserves every honor that has been bestowed upon him. He has been connected with many of the most important legal battles that have been waged in the courts of the Northwestern States, and has seldom come out second best. His most recent victory is the famous Stinson land case that has just been decided in favor of his clients by the highest authority of his State.

His leading poem, "A Dream of Life in Other Worlds," and the incidental poetical effusions that follow, indicate with sufficient clearness the trend of his thought in philosophy and religion. Such being the case, these poetical offerings need no analysis here; they speak for themselves, and reveal a tender side in the life history of the man who wrote them. His soul is filled with the spirit of poesy, and he breathes into words the

lofty religious sentiments that have ever prompted him in action. Judge Streeter has seen his wife and children depart from earth, leaving him entirely alone in the world. He has met reverses in fortune, and has had to contend with ill-health. But his manly soul has risen above every wave of adversity, towered far over the agony of seeming death, subdued physical pain, and with the clear eye of soul has been able to look beyond, into that land to which his loved ones have gone, where he can see them

"In the midst of the soul's calm sunshine and heartfelt joy,"

waiting to give him a loving welcome home.

His book is replete with instruction, and teems with the loftiest ethical and religious precepts. He has never been willing to take things for granted, but has ever endeavored to get at the bottom facts in connection with every question to which his attention has been called. He aims in this work to entertain as well as instruct his readers, and to give them higher ideals concerning the nature and destiny of man. A sunny optimism runs through his poetical compositions, and he holds steadfastly to the thought of the ultimate triumph of the good in all relations in life. In such a spirit he can afford to offer his book to the public without a misgiving, in the hope that it will be the means of helping some few persons at least to find a truer and nobler method of living while on earth, and loftier and sunnier revelations of the life that awaits all of the children of men in the realms of the soul.

INTRODUCTION

OSCAR W. STREETER, "THE HOMELESS BOY."

OSCAR W. STREETER, author of the work here submitted, was born in the city of Syracuse, in the State of New York, somewhere between 1821 and 1828, as near as can be ascertained. The exact date cannot be given, for the reason that the domestic circle was broken in his early days, and the family so widely separated that they never met in after years. The homeless boy was the youngest son of Dr. Barton Streeter, a graduate of Dartmouth College, a first surgeon in the War of 1812, was distinguished in his profession, and died before reaching middle age, leaving a widow with four children, three of whom were dependent upon some one for a living. For years previous to his death, the father ran a drug store in connection with his practice, and had become so involved it took everything he left to pay his debts, and the family was destitute, with only one of the four children able to earn his living. In this unpleasant condition the mother and two youngest children found shelter with her friends. The older boy was provided with a place to work, but the younger,

the homeless boy, had not where to lay his head, and, as the last resort, was taken by his mother to the poorhouse at Lyons, State of New York, and left there to mingle with other unfortunate homeless children.

How long he remained at this home of the poor is not on record, but from best information it was about sixteen months. Then for the first time he was visited by his mother, who found him in a deplorable condition — unkempt, ragged and dirty. The mother at once applied hot water, soap, combs, and other means to improve his appearance for meeting parties expected the next day. The parties duly arrived, and were Dr. Baldwin, his wife and daughter, from Clarkstown — a pleasant little town, twenty miles west of Rochester, N. Y. After a brief visit with the mother and boy, the doctor made a proposition to take the boy, which the mother accepted; and in a very short time Dr. Baldwin and family, with the homeless boy and his mother, were off for Clarkstown.

On their arrival Lawyer Selden (well known to the legal fraternity as the author of the New York Selden Reports) was sent for, and he drew the indentures, which in substance provided that the boy was to remain with the doctor until twenty-one years old, in consideration of which he was to have his board and clothes, with three months of schooling each year, and, at the age of twenty-one, one additional suit of clothes and a horse, saddle

and bridle. This was all the compensation allowed under the old ironclad rule. But the contract was read, signed and witnessed, and the mother started for her friends and did not see her homeless boy again, or know his whereabouts, until just before she died.

No family record was left with the doctor or the boy, by which the latter's age, or that of other members of his family, could be known.

The doctor and his family had now secured full control of the homeless boy, and no time was lost before giving him instructions as to what he must do and what he must not do. The first rule excluded him from the dining-room, where the family took their meals, and transferred him to the kitchen, where he was fed on the crumbs from his master's table, and did not always fare as well as the pigs. Often when sent with slop to the pen, he would see good buttered toast floating on top, and would pick it out and eat it before feeding the pigs. Such unkind treatment, which was not deserved, was resented by the doctor's only child, his daughter Laura, but without effect, for her father was a tyrant by nature. Her mother was intellectually bright, but with strong prejudices and a preference for the aristocratic circles of society. She had a smiling face, but Nature had marred the whole picture by placing her eyes too near the top of her head; of which the observation and experience of ages have said, *Beware!*

Long before the end of the first year the homeless boy learned that he had one reliable friend in Miss Laura Baldwin, only heir to her father's wealth, and the prospective bride of Lawyer Selden, whom she subsequently married.

Hopeful that he might escape from the tyrant under whose care and protection he had been placed, and abandoned by his mother, he determined to make an effort, with the aid of his friend Laura, to go to other friends, who lived in Pennsylvania, whenever an opportunity presented itself. The following day after this decision he met Miss Laura alone, told her in confidence what he most desired to do and asked her assistance, which she kindly promised. The time was fixed and she prepared an open letter describing the route to be taken, giving the names of places through which he had to pass, and asking all who might meet the homeless boy to extend to him parental care.

Sunday, the day fixed, arrived, and, while the old folks were preparing for church, Laura was putting the boy's clothing into his little oil-cloth satchel, which he brought from the poorhouse. His clothing consisted of one change of roundabout and pants, made together, and one change of shirts — all of which were placed in the little satchel, with a generous lunch on top. As soon as the old folks had left for church, and all was still, they started for the garden, taking a box to aid the boy in getting over the fence into the woods. The fence was

about ten feet high, but with the box and Laura to boost, the boy had no trouble in getting over. Laura then took her little purse from her pocket, with one dollar and thirty-five cents (all she had), placed purse and money in the satchel, and standing on the box threw the satchel over the fence to the boy, and with many kind expressions and a sisterly farewell, they parted.

And now the homeless boy, a mere baby in years, with his little satchel and stick, started out on the old trail that led outside of the village limits to the Brockport road — this route being taken to avoid notice and detection. He found the road as directed, and continued his journey, believing that if no misfortune befell him he would soon find a home with his friends. Fearing pursuit, he made his bed the first night in a rick of hay in a meadow.

Taking a cold lunch for supper and another for breakfast, he started early on his way, but was frequently annoyed by dogs, who seemed surprised at seeing so small a boy traveling the road alone, with a pack on his back and a stick in his hand. Some of the dogs were ugly and threatened him, and the boy did not know what to do to protect himself. Finally he concluded to offer to the next dog who refused him the right of way a piece of bread and butter and, taking a piece from the satchel and putting it in his pocket, he trudged along. At the next house a seemingly vicious dog came rushing out and, in warlike position in front

of the boy, fenced up the road. The boy offered the piece of bread and butter; the dog accepted it and walked off, and the boy walked on.

The homeless boy was struggling along, tired and hungry, when overtaken by a gentleman traveling his way in a carriage, who, attracted by the youthful appearance of the boy, invited him to ride, and carried him directly to the friends he was seeking in Wellsboro, Pa.

On his arrival the boy found that his friends had received a confidential letter from Miss Laura Baldwin, saying that her father had searched the town and county over and intended to continue the search until he found the boy. This excited his friends, who told him that under the authority given by his mother, Dr. Baldwin could take him, no matter where he found him. This so alarmed the child that he determined not to remain. In the meantime he learned that a German family would leave Wellsboro at once for Galena, Ill., which at that time was the western border of civilization. The little fellow was anxious to go, and asked his friends, who were familiar with his unfortunate condition, to assist him, which they did by furnishing money and making arrangements for him with the German, under whose protection they placed him.

Four days later they were on the steamer *Messenger*, gliding down the Ohio River. The family and their small companion were on deck. They furnished their own blankets and cooked their own

meals. There was a large cook-stove on deck for the use of the deck passengers. Nearly every civilized nation on earth was represented on this boat, and the stove was for the benefit of all. But among the passengers was a family from Cornwall, England, who had possession of two berths nearest the stove, and wanted to hold it for their own exclusive use.

One morning the German sent the child to the stove with a pan of fat meat to fry. Thinking the Cornishman would not disturb him, he placed the pan on the stove, as he supposed he had a right to do, and the meat was nearly cooked, when the Cornishman, who was about six feet high and overbearing, ordered him to take the pan from the stove and leave. The boy refused, saying he had as good right to cook on the stove as any one on deck, and remained firm. The Cornishman stepped about half-way round the stove, and reached for the boy, saying, "I will twist your nose!" "No, you won't," answered the boy as he raised the panful of hot grease and threw it all into the Briton's face and eyes. The man was blind and nearly crazed for a while, but the boy did not mind that, but coolly procured more meat and kept on frying.

The battle of the frying-pan brought the homeless boy into notice. He was now the hero of the hour and had more friends on board than any other passenger on deck. All were astonished that so small a boy should have the courage to defend his

rights, and there was nothing too good for him on that boat.

The old steamer *Messenger* landed the party at Galena on the twenty-sixth day of June, 1836. The boy remained with his benefactor until the latter found him a place in a restaurant, where he worked until he had earned and saved enough to give himself a common-school education. He was too poor to go higher and hence all the education he received in after years was from study outside of the schoolhouse, and mostly by the midnight lamp of a bachelor's hall.

Two years after the homeless boy landed in Galena, while he was yet at work where the German placed him, he was asked by a visitor what progress he was making, and replied that he was doing well; that his wages had been raised from time to time, enabling him to save some money, with which he intended to begin the study of law, and complete it as soon as circumstances would permit; and that, if he could not accomplish it in any other way, he would work half the year and study the rest of the time. It was in that way he acquired thorough knowledge of law. He began practice in justice's courts of Jo Daviess County, Illinois; then moved to Beetown, in Grant County, Wisconsin, and there continued in practice until he crossed the river into Iowa and went to Minnesota, where he was admitted to practice before Welsh, chief justice of the Territory of Minnesota, in 1852.

And here we close the historical sketch of the early life of our subject and leave him with those who know him best, who have followed his trail from youth to mature years, and have noted the successful and even brilliant career of the poor boy who was left on the western border of civilization, without money, friends or home, but who raised himself to where his country's records honor him as lawyer, statesman and author.

In 1847 he was called upon to make a political canvass for Moses M. Strong and others, candidates for delegates in the convention called to frame a constitution for the State of Wisconsin. In 1848 he was called out again to make a canvass for Nelson Dewey, who was elected the first governor of the State of Wisconsin.

In 1849 Minnesota was organized out of the territory lying west of Wisconsin. The act of Congress declared certain portions of the northwestern part organized for judicial purposes; but no provision of courts was made for the southern part of the territory, for but few settlers were there at that time.

During this interesting period of his life our subject made the acquaintance of a lady in Beeton by the name of Miss Geraldine Paddock, and married her in 1848—the same year Wisconsin was married to the Union—and then determined to cross the Mississippi and settle. And with wife, blankets, gun, cow, dog, (Blackstone), a

yoke of cattle and a crazy old wagon, he started for the river, reached Prairie du Chien in good time, and camped for an early start the next day. The morning was bright. The Mississippi River never looked grander or better entitled to its appellation of "the Father of Waters." The pair put themselves and all they possessed on the old flat-bottomed ferry boat and were carried over to settle on the romantic side of the great river. Upon reaching the opposite shore they started, with their little train, on a blind trail for their prospective home beyond the line of civilization. Along the river they saw only Indians and their wigwams. On reaching the landing at Lansing, near the Minnesota line, the only place a white settler could be seen, they pitched their tent and there remained until more settlers came in on both sides of the line.

A little time was taken in preparing a shelter for the family at Lansing, and then he crossed over the line and secured a claim under the shadow of Wild Cat Bluff, the second highest along the Mississippi River, and here was the prospective home of the hitherto homeless boy. After building a log shanty on his claim, he returned to Lansing and prepared for a trip to gain admission to the bar. He had learned the exact time of the regular term of the district court at Red Wing, over which Chief Justice Welsh presided, and timed his trip so well that he went to Red Wing, was admitted, and returned the third day.

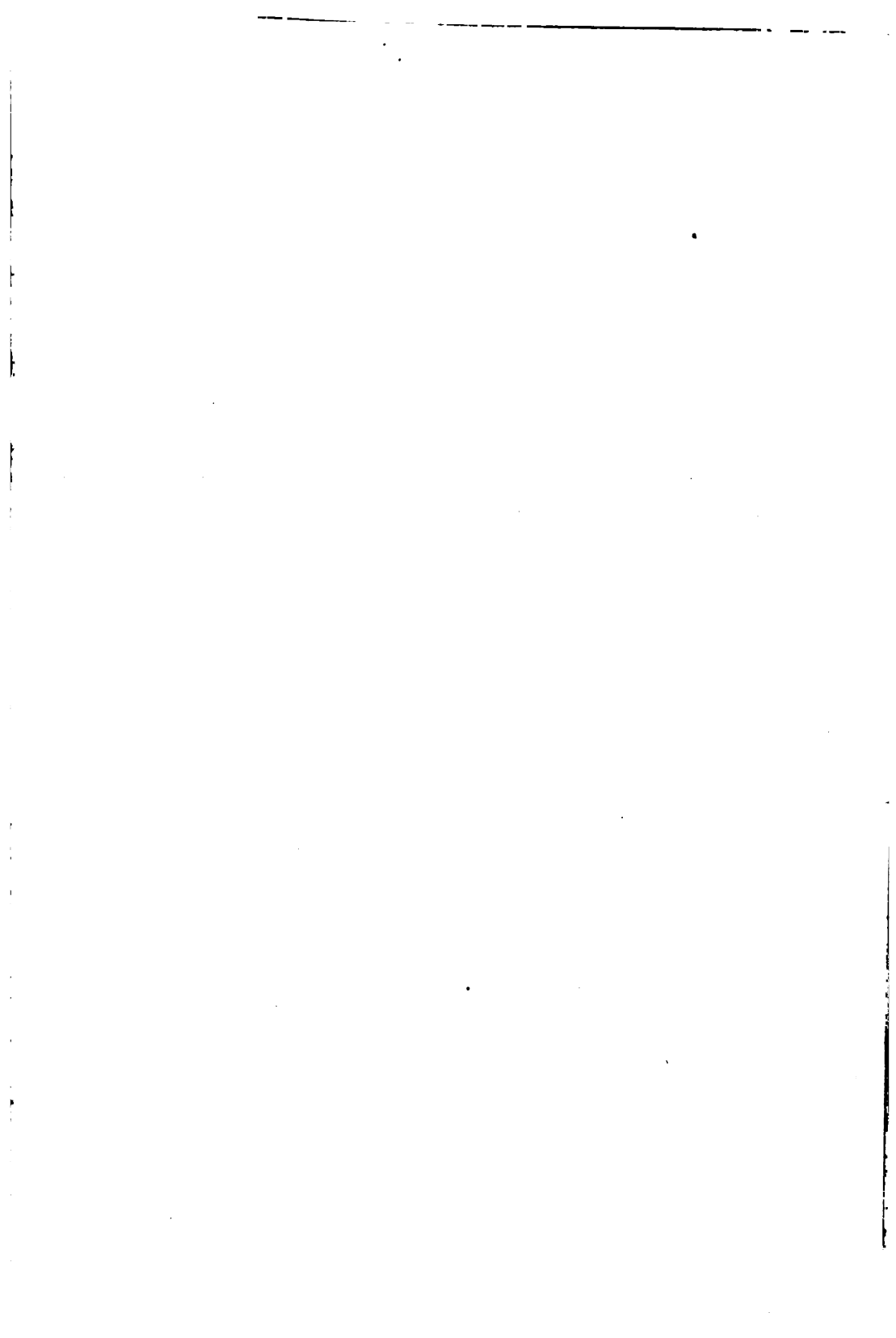
With Blackstone and two or three more dusty volumes of law he opened his office at Lansing, and remained in business there until the close of 1853, when he and family crossed the line and settled on his claim at Wild Cat Bluff, where other settlers were coming in, and the country about was filling up rapidly.

New counties had been formed, including the county of Fillmore, the boundary lines of which extended south to Iowa, west from the Mississippi to Range Eighteen and north to Winona County, which included a large territory, with the county seat at Winona, fifty miles away, which was greatly inconvenient to settlers, and a division was asked for and granted. A new county was created out of the country in the southeast corner of the Territory, with its county seat located at Brownsville, or Wild Cat Bluff. The name of the county was suggested by Oscar W. Streeter, who proposed to call it Houston, in honor of old Sam Houston, of Texas. The name was adopted by the county commissioners and has never been changed. The boundary lines, name of county and location of county seat were entirely satisfactory to all who were interested in the future development of the town and county.

And here, among those romantic hills which overlook the Father of Rivers, is where the active business life of the homeless boy was begun; and whatever may be added to the pages already written

will be a continuation of the life and services of O. W. Streeter, the identical homeless boy so often referred to in this brief sketch of his eventful life.

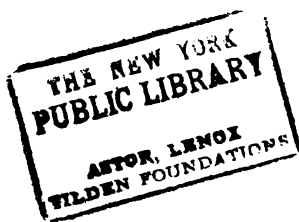
In 1854 the United States land office for the Root River Land District was located at Brownsville, which pleased the settlers and brightened the prospects of our subject, who had been struggling against waves of adversity from childhood to maturer years, without friends, money or home. He had often said, what he now repeats, "that if ever placed in a public position, where he could protect the homes of the poor, he would use all the power, influence and ability at his command to accomplish it." And that he fulfilled the promise he made to himself (not to the people), the public records will show, as may be seen in the journal of the Minnesota Senate of 1858. He has done more than all he promised himself to do. He saved the homes of settlers in the Root River Land District, in southern Minnesota in 1854 and 1855, from greedy speculators during the sale of public lands, a fact which is noticed among the printed publications which follow and to which particular attention is invited:





O. W. STREETER.

From a Photograph taken in 1857.



A Few of the Many Unsolicited Notices of the Press from Different States.

[From the West Superior (Wis.) *Wave*, October 12, 1893.]

HON. O. W. STREETER.

ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF NORTHWESTERN CIVILIZATION —
HIS EARLY HISTORY — LAWYER, STATESMAN AND SOLDIER
— ALWAYS A FRIEND OF THE OPPRESSED.

One of the first American settlers and attorneys of Wisconsin and Minnesota is now located in the city of Superior.

There is not a man living at this time better acquainted with the early history of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the land of the Dakotas than O. W. Streeter, and knowing that many of his wide circle of old friends and acquaintances, many of whom are still living, would be pleased to see a sketch of this gentleman's past history and the valuable public services he rendered in those early days, we give below an outline, obtained from various sources, of his public life:

It was in 1836, when only a boy, that O. W. Streeter came to the far West, without money, friends or acquaintances, making his first stop at Galena, Ill., where he remained for several years, dividing his time between Galena, Jo Daviess County, Ill., and the Beetown Mines in Grant County, in the Territory of Wisconsin, where he made sufficient money during half the year to enable him to continue the study of the law the remainder, and in this way he secured a thorough knowledge of the law.

Subsequently he removed to Beetown, Grant County, in the Territory of Wisconsin, where in 1847 he made an active canvass for Moses M. Strong for delegate to aid in framing a con-

stitution for Wisconsin. The first constitution was defeated by the people, and in the second election for delegates Mr. Strong was defeated.

In 1848 Mr. Streeter made a thorough canvass for Nelson Dewey, of the firm of Dewey & Barber, attorneys, Lancaster, Grant County, Wis., for governor.

In 1852 he crossed the Mississippi the fourth time, landing in Iowa, but remained only a short time, when he came and located at Wild Cat Bluff, Minn. The year previous to his arrival he was admitted to practise law, and was, without doubt, the first practising lawyer in this section. In 1853 he received his appointment as inspector of election from Governor Gorman. In 1857 he was elected a member of the constitutional convention of Minnesota, and the following year he received the election of senator to the State Legislature. The same year he was admitted to practise at the bar of the Supreme Court. In 1860 he was appointed by President Buchanan as special census agent of the Government for all the unorganized territory belonging to the United States.

From the Preston *Democrat*, the editor of which paper was an early acquaintance of Mr. Streeter, we take the following:

In May, 1854, the United States Land Office for the Root River District was located at Brownsville — John H. McKenney was appointed receiver and John R. Bennett register. Under the land system ninety days was given by proclamation of the President for settlers to come forward, prove up and pay for their land, otherwise said land would be offered and sold to the highest bidder. Under these instructions the register and receiver were authorized to employ a salesman. O. W. Streeter was selected to sell the land and accepted the position with the express understanding that he be allowed to favor the settlers who had no money to pay for their homes, but could hire it if the land was struck off to them at the minimum price of \$1.25 per acre. On the first day of the sale the town was crowded with settlers, including three or four hundred land sharks, who were there to bid off settlers' homes. But Mr. Streeter, who

was thoroughly acquainted with the settlers and their claims, refused to recognize speculators' bids, and in every instance struck off the land to the party who had made improvements and living upon it. This so enraged the disappointed sharks that they openly threatened to put Mr. Streeter into the river, but their plans were discovered by the settlers whose interests Mr. Streeter was defending, and the sharks were driven from the town; some took to the hills and others to their boats.

We next find Mr. Streeter a member of the constitutional convention, duly elected by the Democrats of Houston County. In that capacity he distinguished himself in his unyielding efforts to defeat the clans that conferred the power upon the legislature to inaugurate a rotten banking system, and strongly favoring the sale of a portion of the school land, that the children might receive some benefit from the school fund. This proposition was strongly opposed, but was carried, as may be seen by reference to the printed debates.

[From the Caledonia (Minn.) *Journal*.]

ONE OF THE PIONEERS.

A call from Hon. O. W. Streeter, of Caledonia, Houston County, this State, recalls many important incidents connected with the early history of Minnesota. Mr. Streeter was one of the earliest settlers of the upper Mississippi River, and after taking an active part in the canvass for the first governor of Wisconsin in 1848, crossed the river to Northern Iowa and from thence to Brownsville, Minn., in 1852; he suggested the name of Houston for the county (where he still lives), in honor of Samuel Houston, of Texas, which was adopted by the Board of County Commissioners.

Our old friend vigorously wielded the cudgel as a member of senate in the first legislature of the State, where his first effort was to secure the election of Gen. James Shields to the U. S. Senate. Next he began a searching investigation of the acts of the extra session of the Territorial Legislature, convened by the governor for the express purpose of making a

distribution of the lands granted by Congress to the Territory, or State, of Minnesota to aid in the construction of certain railroads thereon named ; notwithstanding the members elect were not elected upon the railroad question, as the grant was not made when the members that were convened in extra session were elected — although two-thirds of said members were members of the incorporated companies to whom the grant was made and were, therefore, personally interested and entirely unfitted to make the distribution in the interests of the people. Notwithstanding they made the distribution in their own interest, leaving the State and the people without any security, leaving the companies free to sell 120 sections on the line before building a rod of road, pocket the money and then refuse to comply with the conditions of the Act of Congress, and allow the grant to revert to the Government. In this shaky condition of things, and with a view of bringing the grant again within the jurisdiction of the State, Mr. Streeter introduced a joint resolution, as the record shows, declaring “ the distribution by the extra session of the Territorial Legislature illegal and void on the ground that there was no unexpended balance of the appropriation made by Congress to defray the expense of an extra session ” — hence the governor was not authorized to call an extra session in open violation of two Acts of Congress, which provided that “ a Territorial governor may convene the legislature, although the appropriation made by Congress has been exhausted, when the Territory is invaded,” and in one or two other instances therein named. The joint resolution of Streeter was voted down, whereupon Mr. Streeter gave notice that he would introduce a proposition to amend the constitution to enable the State to loan her credit to the amount of \$5,000,000, to aid in the construction of the roads designated by Congress.

We next find Mr. Streeter battling for the rights and interests of the poor as the originator and supporter of the Homestead Exemption Bill, introduced in the senate, and which

became a law after a desperate struggle against the combined capital of the State. Streeter not only originated and defended the bill for six weeks in committee of the whole, but he followed it, step by step, from the senate to the house and from the senate and house to the governor. On the same evening after the bill had received the signature of the governor, Mr. Streeter was serenaded by hundreds of mechanics and others interested in the passage of the bill.

In 1854 he was tendered by the Government the position of one of the Territorial judges, but would not exchange his land practice for it.

He was with his friend General Shields in the Army of the Potomac; was at the battle of Winchester, after which he remained in the tented field until General Shields resigned.

[From the *United States Democrat*, of Washington, D. C., April 25, 1885.]

AUTHOR OF THE HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION ACT.

A subscriber in St. Paul asks who was the author of the homestead exemption. In 1857, O. W. Streeter was a member of the constitutional convention of that State, duly elected by the Democrats. Such was the breadth and depth of his wisdom and work that he was subsequently elected State senator. While a member of this body he conceived and drew the bill, and got Senator Hull to introduce it, so that it would have a mover and supporter of it at once on the floor. It was opposed by every capitalist and every lawyer in the State, but was passed and became a law; one of the best in that State. Till its passage a sheriff could sell even the shirt from a baby if needed to satisfy the claim of a debtor or usurer.

The law exempted from forced sale eighty acres of land to every family or a home and lot in a city or village, regardless of valuation, and placed it beyond litigation so far as related to debts contracted subsequent to the passage of the act. It also provided that no mortgage or incumbrance could be placed on a farm or home without the consent of the wife, and in case of

the death of the parents the property descended in like condition and preservation to the children.

During the passage of the bill and the desperate fight over it, we remember that Streeter was abused as a crank, robber and repudiator, but he carried the bill through, was serenaded by the mechanics of St. Paul, and it proved an inestimable blessing to every home owner in Minnesota, and a positive strengthener of credit as well. It has stood the test of law and public sentiment more than a quarter of a century, and no man in Minnesota would vote for its repeal.

[From the Chamberlain (S. D.) *Democrat*.]

We recollect the fight that was had over that same homestead bill. For in our Ohio home resounded the war of contending forces away up in the Northwest in the young State of Minnesota, when Streeter, leading in the cause of the laboring masses, brought that memorable contest to a successful issue. No man is more deserving of the lasting gratitude of the people of that State than O. W. Streeter, whose wise and patriotic statesmanship is boldly impressed upon her early legislation. If we lived in his bailiwick we should nail to our masthead the name of Hon. O. W. Streeter as our candidate for governor at the very next election.

[From the Rapid City (S. D.) *Times*.]

AN OLD TIMER.

Among visitors to the *Times* office yesterday was a gentleman whose appearance suggested that his age might be something over fifty years, though after a reporter had some conversation with him he casually mentioned that he was something beyond sixty-three. He was a corpulent gentleman, well preserved, and though it was evident that he had but just arrived, it was plain to be seen that he was no pilgrim from the far East. The opinion to this effect hastily formed by the reporter was entirely correct. Our visitor, far from being a tenderfoot, was probably one of the first white men who ever set

foot in the Black Hills country. In reply to a query as to whether this was his first visit to the hills he quietly said: "No, young man, it is not my first visit to this region, though when I was last here there was no sign of human habitation where now stands your handsome little city. I have not been here before for a trifle over

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY."

It is needless to say the reporter was somewhat astonished, but the demeanor of the visitor who made so surprising a declaration was such as to convince of his earnestness, and, believing that a man who had been in this region at so early a day would be able to tell some things of interest, the visitor was asked for such information, and with the request he cheerfully complied.

In the first place, his name is O. W. Streeter, a name once familiar throughout the Northwest. He was an early settler in Wisconsin and took part in the canvass for delegates to the convention which framed the constitution under which that Territory was admitted. He was also a pioneer of Minnesota, and assisted in framing the constitution for that State, and was a member of the first State Senate. In 1860 he was commissioned by President Buchanan as special Government agent for the entire northwestern unorganized territory, including Dakota, Montana and Idaho. This office was created by a special Act of Congress in 1850, but no appropriation was ever made for its expenses. In 1860, after having been commissioned, Mr. Streeter fitted out a party and placed it under charge of Joseph Roulette, one of the best-known men in the Northwest and one of the best interpreters of that day. This outfit passed through the northern portion of Dakota as far west as Montana, into the Blackfoot country, and returned the same year. Some trouble was feared from the Indian tribes through whose country the outfit passed, but Roulette's knowledge of the Indians and their language averted any serious collision. A pretty thorough investigation of the country through which the route

lay was made, and a report was transmitted through Streeter to the Interior Department. Shortly after having outfitted this party, and in the same year, Mr. Streeter equipped a second, of which he himself took charge, and starting from Sioux City, crossed the country

TO THE BLACK HILLS,

in the foothills of which the party camped for some time, going thence northward into Montana. The expedition did not return to the starting point until the spring of 1861. The early settlers of the Black Hills who remember the dangers, hardships and difficulties encountered in reaching this country ten or eleven years ago will readily understand something of the obstacles which lay in the way of these first exploring parties. Though Mr. Streeter's office was created by Congress, there was, as stated, no provision made for its expenses, and the outfits were paid for out of his own pocket, with the expectation that he would be reimbursed. As a matter of fact, however, the bill of expenses was not settled by congressional action until the closing session of the Forty-eighth Congress, when Mr. Streeter's bill was allowed with interest. The interest was cut down by Secretary Lamar to five per cent. before he would pass upon the matter, and Mr. Streeter accepted and will receive his money.

TROUBLE WITH INDIANS.

Mr. Streeter states that while in the vicinity of the hills he was continually harrassed by the Indians. No military escort was provided, so that the members of the party were at once explorers, sentries and soldiers. In mentioning the Indians Mr. Streeter went on to speak of the Minnesota massacre, with the scenes and incidents of which he is entirely familiar, and from that proceeded to express his opinion of the Indian question and the policy of the Government in its dealings with the Indians. He spoke somewhat bitterly of the influence of Eastern people in hindering the punishment of the Indians when they deserve punishment, and of the inefficiency of the regular

army soldiers in frontier fighting. He told of the Apache troubles in Arizona, where he also spent some years, and says if it were possible for the Government to learn the fallacy of its Indian policy it should have been learned in Arizona years ago. Like many old Western men who have dug graves for the burial of friends murdered by the Indians, he is inclined to believe that there is but one way to make an Indian good, and that is the plan which was worked so successfully years ago by General Harney.

THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT.

Mr. Streeter, in telling of the object of his present visit to the hills, said : "In the first place, I want to see my old friend John LaFabre, who is now receiver at Deadwood. Then again I have long had a desire to revisit the scenes which impressed themselves forcibly upon my mind a quarter of a century ago. Wild as the country then was, its beauties have lingered in my mind and I wanted to come back to see if I could find any landmarks which I would recollect. I remember this stream (Rapid Creek) distinctly, but settlement seems to have changed the face of the country. I have traveled all over the United States and Mexico, and I have never found a climate which I liked as well as that experienced by me in the Black Hills region twenty-six years ago. I am an old man, and have a family and home in Minnesota, but expect to loiter hereabouts for a time, and possibly if I find the country what my more youthful fancy painted it, I may centre my interests here and spend my declining years with my wife and children under my own vine and fig tree in the Black Hills."

[From the *Superior Wave*, July 1, 1900.]

STINSON WINS.

A decision in favor of the defendant has been given by Judge Bunn in the Federal Court in the case of the Government against James Stinson, of Chicago, involving the title to 2,200 acres of land lying within the city limits of Superior, and worth at a low estimate a quarter of a million dollars.

The Government claimed that Stinson, who was part owner of the town-site, hired a number of Swedes ostensibly to work on the street at thirty dollars per month, but whose real duty was to pre-empt the land in controversy, title to which they transferred to him. Judge Bunn decided that there was no fraud and that Stinson's title is valid. All the lands are now under a receivership, Michael S. Bright, of Superior, being receiver.

The case was argued several weeks ago by Spooner and Sanborn for Stinson, and D. A. Jones and John H. Simmons, of Racine, for the Government. An appeal may be taken by the Government to the United States Court of Appeals, and it is not improbable that it will finally go to the United States Supreme Court. Judge O. W. Streeter was one of the attorneys for Mr. Stinson, and no doubt feels much elated over the outcome. The judge has put in many an hour of hard work on this case.

[From the Duluth *Daily Shortline*.]

JUDGE O. W. STREETER.

There are but few men in the world who make history, and all of them have been at some time or another leaders of men and the creators of conditions or incidents. The Northwest is yet young from an historical point of view, still there are few living men, comparatively, whose names are prominently associated with the early story of this section's settlement and development. The figure of Judge O. W. Streeter is a conspicuous one on the streets of West Superior. His dignified and judicial bearing, his professional attire, the big stick worn with the intimacy of years, and his striking personal appearance make the judge a distinguished man. And so he is, and any man who took an active and effective part in the early struggles of the Territories of Wisconsin and the now great State of Minnesota is a distinguished man. As a matter of fact, but little is known of Judge Streeter at the head of the Lakes. His years have been devoted to his profession in a quiet and unobtrusive way. He is averse to making new acquaintances or

indulging indiscriminatingly in the relation of his interesting reminiscences. There is, however, no man residing at the head of the Lakes who figured so prominently in the early political history of the West.

Judge Streeter began the study of law in the village of Galena, Ill. Galena then was on the border of Western civilization, and young Streeter's time was divided between hard manual labor and the reading of law books. He persevered, and in time was admitted to the bar, and soon was recognized as a brilliant and practical young attorney. In 1848 he commenced his political career by stumping the State of Wisconsin in the interests of his friend, Nelson Dewey, who was a candidate for the State of Wisconsin's first governorship. His canvass was largely instrumental in electing Governor Dewey.

Judge Streeter, having acquired much prominence in Wisconsin, moved to the Territory of Minnesota, where his position as an able lawyer and influential politician was soon established. In 1857 was held the first constitutional convention in St. Paul, then the capital of the Territory. It is conceded that in that convention was gathered more notable characters than had ever before or have been since assembled in the Northwest, and among them there was no man who attracted more attention or won more respectful admiration than O. W. Streeter. The following year, 1858, he was elected to the State Senate from Houston County, and took an enviable place in the ranks of the young State's legislators.

During his term in the senate Judge Streeter formulated and successfully urged the passage of the Exemption Land Law. It required a stubborn battle, lasting more than six weeks, to carry the measure, but in the end its originator secured its passage and it became and has ever since remained a law. Thousands of wives and children owe their homes to the foresight and wisdom of the man who so bravely protected their moral, and furthered their legal, rights. Directly after the Land Exemption Bill became a statute of Minnesota law, Judge Streeter was made the recipient of a testimonial of

unique and sincere character. At that time he occupied Room 48 in the old American Hotel in St. Paul. While absent one day a delegation, appointed by a large number of citizens, visited his room and literally filled it with evidences of their esteem in the shape of cigars, fine wines, fruits and delicacies of almost every description. Pioneers of Minnesota will recognize the appropriateness of those very pleasant and welcome gifts. Prior to Judge Streeter's election to the State Senate, during the late General Sibley's term as first governor of Minnesota, he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, and was one of the first lawyers in the State to whom the privilege was granted.

President Buchanan, desiring to gratify the wishes of the majority of Western men, and realizing the capacity and sterling worth of Judge Streeter, appointed him special agent of the Government of all the unorganized Territorial lands in the United States. The subject of this sketch was instrumental in bringing about the efficiency of the early land offices in southern Minnesota. Judge Streeter is still an active man, mentally and physically. His practice at the bar still demands a great deal of his attention. It is the sincere wish of thousands of his friends that Judge Streeter may be spared to them and to Wisconsin for many years to come.

[From the *Superior Leader*.]

D. G. MORRISON'S CLAIM.

It may not be generally known that there is a claimant for the Sweetzer tract of land in the person of D. G. Morrison, who claims that he made a pre-emption entry of the land in 1854, and that the Sweetzer title, held under the Campbell entry, was made with half-breed scrip in 1859.

The land in question is Lots 1 and 2 sw 1-4 of the ne 1-4 of Sec. 14, T. 49, R. 14, better known as the Sweetzer claim, and over which there has been a great deal of litigation. It contains a little over one hundred and thirteen acres exclusive of the water front on the bay, is located in the very heart of the

city and is considered prospectively and otherwise to be very desirable property.

For many years Morrison has made all the effort in his power to interest some attorney at the head of the Lakes, St. Paul, Madison and other places, to aid and assist him to recover the land included in this tract, which he claims he preempted and paid for in 1854, but the attorneys all told him that there was not a single point in his case that could be relied upon.

These discouraging opinions from good attorneys and the lack of means to advance even a retainer compelled Morrison to remain silent and inactive until years passed by and until the case was submitted to O. W. Streeter, who made a searching examination of it and decided to take the case without a cash fee. He secured at once a certified copy of all the proceedings had before the Land Department, with that and other papers, clearing the seal of the United States, and with the strength he had added to the material points in the case during the last two years he was enabled to complete a statement and brief which Morrison thinks shows conclusively that he is the equitable owner of the Sweetzer tract now claimed by the Land and River Improvement Company of West Superior, and that the laws of Congress, decisions of the Interior Department, opinions of Attorney-General and decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States will support the Morrison title.

The case made out by Streeter has been examined by some of the most distinguished lawyers of the United States, who give it as their opinion that if the case ever goes to trial he will win.

It is claimed the transfer made to George S. Becker was by verbal agreement and understanding, made contingent upon the subsequent issue of the patent, hence the full consideration was never paid and for the obvious reason that the patent was never issued, and the land transferred will be reconveyed to Morrison.

[Special to the Duluth *Journal*.]

UNSETTLING OLD TITLES.

DULUTH, February 19th. — The latest advices from Washington drop like a pall upon the property adjacent to old and West Superior, known as the Stinson claim. The interior officers, in advance of promulgating their formal decision, said that the fourteen quarter sections of land, now worth about two million dollars, to which James Stinson twenty years ago claimed to have secured title, must revert to the Government because of pre-arranged fraud on the part of Stinson and fourteen Swedes in securing title. U. S. Attorney O. W. Streeter, in behalf of the Government, has been investigating the alleged frauds, and finds that Stinson employed Swedes to settle fourteen quarter sections, under a contract to relinquish to him the land after they had proved up on it. The affidavits of the Swedes have been secured that they had but just landed in America and accepted the contract because it looked like a soft job, for which they were fairly well paid.

The first hearing of the case was held at Madison, but the presiding judge dismissed the bill on the ground that it should pass through the hands of the Attorney-General. Accordingly, Mr. Streeter went to Washington for the purpose of preparing a new bill, which was to bear the signature of the Attorney-General. He accomplished his work in spite of the opposition brought to bear by Stinson's representations, and the case will be tried by the United States Circuit Court at the next term either in LaCrosse, Madison, or Eau Claire. In the event of the case being against Stinson, his title to the property involved will return to the Interior Department, when the "squatters" will be entitled to prove up and receive right of possession to the property, they being the first to make improvements.

CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS.

WEST SUPERIOR, WIS., Special, August 3d. — Hon. O. W. Streeter, who, with Thomas Ewing, of Washington, is attorney

for the Government in the famous Stinson land case, involving property in this city valued at two million dollars, is now very confident that the Government will score a signal victory. Colonel Streeter recently appeared before the Attorney-General by appointment, and, it is claimed, made a decided impression upon that gentleman by a full and convincing argument, setting forth the alleged fraudulent proceedings by which Mr. Stinson secured the acreage. The attorneys for the defence have been making strenuous efforts to have the case dismissed, and have submitted written arguments to the Attorney-General, besides having made an appeal in person. The Attorney-General has decided, however, that the case must go to hearing and decree, and has so advised the United States district attorney. The property is fourteen quarter sections of land which has suddenly become very valuable with the birth of West Superior. Each quarter section is occupied by a settler, who fondly hopes to strike it rich. It is claimed that Mr. Stinson went over into the Scandinavian settlements in Chisago County, Minn., and employed the settlers for thirty dollars a month to "hold down" the claims which now occasion so much trouble to the owner. The men were ignorant of the fact that they were committing a fraud, or were even party to one, if one was committed. After the form of proving up had been gone through the Scandinavians departed for Chisago County, where, it is claimed, many are yet living, now prosperous farmers. Colonel Streeter feels confident that the proof will be overwhelming in case Mr. Stinson attempts to fight it out in court. Colonel Streeter is one of the most prominent Government attorneys in the country. He left to-night for the Black Hills, where he is interested in the Iron Hill mine.

THE STINSON LAND CASE.

The Duluth *Daily Tribune* of the 30th ult. contains a glowing tribute to our old friend and pioneer of this county, the Hon. O. W. Streeter, in his capacity as attorney for the Government in the Stinson land case. The value of the lands

involved in this case is estimated at two and one-half million dollars. The recent overruling of the defendant's demurrer in this case by Judges Gresham and Bunn exhausts the defendant's last resort to change or overthrow the verdict obtained some time ago in favor of that side of the case represented by Mr. Streeter.

[From the *Evening Telegram*, January 16, 1900.]

FAMOUS STINSON CASE.

REVIEW OF THE LITIGATION INVOLVING ABOUT SIX MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF LANDS WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS — CASE HAS BEEN IN THE COURTS FOR MANY YEARS AND THERE IS NOW A PROSPECT THAT IT WILL COME TO FINAL DECISION.

The famous Stinson case will probably soon be disposed of. The case involves fourteen quarter sections of land, all within the city limits of Superior. The land is valued at about six million dollars. It includes the following lots and tracts: Northwest quarter of 1-48-14, northeast quarter of 4-48-13, northwest quarter of 4-48-13, northeast quarter of 5-48-13, northwest quarter of 26-49-14, southwest quarter of 28-49-14, northwest quarter of 33-49-14, southwest quarter of 35-49-14, northwest quarter of 35-49-14, northwest quarter of 5-48-13, northeast quarter of 6-48-13, lots 7-8-9 and northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of 1-48-14, northeast quarter of 2-48-14, lots 1-2-3 of 1-48-14. All of this was proved up in 1854 and 1855 under the Federal Pre-emption Law.

The litigation has been an expensive one and the cost and fees will exceed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The amount of the accrued taxes against this property is nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and Douglas County is interested to this amount in having the case decided in favor of Stinson.

At one time a number of "squatters" settled on the property, with the hope of securing rights to the land, if it should revert to the Government. But a subsequent act of Congress changed

the situation in regard to the "squatters." If the Government secures the land now it will be sold at auction.

As the case is of much interest locally, the *Evening Telegram* has secured a history of the proceedings from the beginning to the present day, from the judicial records and Executive Department of the Government.

In 1887 William Newton brought the Stinson case to the notice of O. W. Streeter. The statement of Mr. Newton made a favorable impression and Streeter examined the entries of 1854 and 1855 on file in the land office at Ashland. He next visited Center City, Chisago County, and secured the sworn statements of the Swedes and Norwegians who pre-empted; returned to Superior and was preparing to start for Washington when he received a business message from friends in St. Paul, who had learned of his movements and desired to see him. The party with their attorney, Stevens, arrived at Superior, met Streeter, and with their attorney examined the case and wanted an interest in the result of the suit. Everything was arranged, money advanced in the case and different plans were suggested to secure the interest the company expected out of the transaction in the event that a decree was rendered in favor of the Government. Streeter's plan was adopted and was to place buildings on each section and put men in them who were in every way qualified to pre-empt and improve the claims; then if a decree was rendered in favor of the Government, the rights of the parties in possession would attach almost momentarily and in preference to any other claimant, under the land laws, rules and regulations then in force.

The city of Superior at that time and for years afterward had more land included in its corporation limits than was allowed by the various town-site acts of Congress, hence if a decree was rendered in favor of the United States the land would revert to the Government, and at that time be subject to the operation of the land laws of the United States. This explanation was entirely satisfactory to Stevens and the company he represented. Streeter was appointed attorney to take charge of the case and

W. H. Newton was appointed to look after the interest of the claims and claimants under the advice of Streeter.

After he had closed his business with the St. Paul company, and secured the required information he had gained from the records, Streeter proceeded to Washington and presented the case in person to the commissioner of the general land office March 14, 1888. After an examination of the petition and the records in his office, he gave a favorable decision and then presented it to the Secretary of the Interior for further consideration. The secretary confirmed the action of the commissioner, and transferred the case to the Department of Justice with a recommendation that the Attorney-General bring suit to recover the lands entered through fraud. Attorney-General Garland, after an examination of the petition presented by Streeter and acted upon by the Interior Department, instructed Bushnell, the attorney for the western district of Wisconsin in the seventh circuit, to begin suit to recover the said lands. Bushnell drew up a complaint including all the material facts in Streeter's petition, the complaint was presented and objected to by W. C. Gowdy, the counsel for the defence, on the grounds that the Attorney-General's name was not affixed to the complaint. The objection was sustained by Judge Bunn, but time was granted by the court to obtain another complaint signed by the Attorney-General.

Streeter started for Washington at once and arrived there in time to oppose the proposition of dismissal and secure the signature of the Attorney-General to a second complaint. This accomplished, Streeter returned, the complaint was filed and the action reinstated. Gowdy demurred to the complaint, but the demurrer was overruled and he filed his answer in January, 1890. The Government followed with a replication, and the issue was joined, so that all that remained to be done in the case before the trial was to take the depositions.

In the meantime the Harrison administration came into power, and Bushnell was succeeded by Mr. Harper as attorney for this district. Mr. Harper took charge of the office and the

Stinson case. The Harper administration was a blank as far as the Stinson case was concerned. He made no moves in the case, which closed the doors on the interested parties, and the case was finally dismissed under his term of office owing to a lack of prosecution on the part of the Government. But it was reinstated.

Mr. Gowdy died in May, 1893, when Spooner, Sanborn and Kerr came into the case with Streeter. Previous to his death and while attorney for James Stinson, he secured *ex parte* affidavits and other evidence to show that the action brought by his client, James Stinson, was not a meritorious one on the part of the Government, but originated and was being prosecuted in the interest of outside parties. These statements were presented and urged by Mr. Gowdy on the consideration of Attorney-General Miller in 1889, and arranged by Gowdy, of Chicago, and Wilson, of Washington, in June, 1889.

These *ex parte* proceedings were telegraphed to Streeter, who was in St. Paul at the time. On receipt of the news he notified the Department of Justice to hold the case open until he could get there, as he wanted to be heard, and started for the capital city at once, which he reached in good time, and called on the Attorney-General at once. The time for a hearing was set on the following day. On his arrival he was met by General Ewing, who had been telegraphed to meet him. The General stated that he had had an interview with the Attorney-General and thought that Gowdy and Wilson had convinced him that the case ought to be dismissed and that Mr. Rogers, Deputy United States Attorney, had called on the Attorney-General, but had received no encouragement and was satisfied that the case would be dismissed on the following day. On the following day the hour for the hearing arrived, but as the General and Streeter could not agree on the course to be taken in the argument, Ewing took no part in the discussion, but was present. When Streeter closed his argument the Attorney-General informed him that he need not file a brief. Gen-

eral Ewing after leaving the room remarked, "I think that you have changed the mind of the Attorney-General," as the following letter from General Ewing to Hiram F. Stevens will show:

"WASHINGTON, July 2, 1889.

"By appointment Judge Streeter and I appeared before the Attorney-General to-day. He heard us at length, and we had a very satisfactory discussion of the case. Judge Streeter told the whole story of the Stinson case very effectually, making a very decided impression. The attorney seemed satisfied with the discussion and said that we need not file a brief and that he would settle the case in a few days. He sent for Wilson, who represents Stinson, but as Wilson was in court he could not come. Both Judge Streeter and myself think the Attorney-General will order the district attorney to proceed with the case.

Very respectfully,

"THOMAS EWING."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MILLER'S DECISION.

"WASHINGTON, July 13, 1889.

"DEAR SIR :—I have concluded to let the Stinson case go to hearing and decree, and have so ordered the district attorney.

"Yours truly,

"W. H. MILLER, Atty.-Gen."

After Miller decided to prosecute the Stinson case to final judgment and decree, he issued his "iron-clad" letter instructing all United States attorneys that they must attend to all matters wherein the United States is a party to the exclusion of all outside attorneys. This virtually excluded all outside attorneys, including Streeter, who had protected the interest of the Government while protecting the interest of his clients, and who on two occasions had prevented the dismissal of the case by the Attorney-General. But Streeter never was employed by the Government in the Stinson case, and was not even thanked for saving the case on two separate occasions, and was never placed under any obligations to the Government in the Stinson

case, or any other party, except the St. Paul company that employed him in the case, and the inexcusable neglect of the Government only marked the Stinson case for destiny.

Miller's "iron-clad" letter was followed by the death of W. H. Newton, who was chosen by the company to attend the wants of those occupying the claims. Soon after, one of the St. Paul firm that employed Streeter died. This unfortunate condition of things, together with the "iron-clad" letter, caused the St. Paul firm to withdraw from the field, and, there having been no judgment or decree placing the land in controversy within the jurisdiction of the Land Department, Streeter was free from any obligations to any party on earth in the Stinson case until employed to assist Gowdy, in which Streeter urged that Stinson's tax title be used as a defence, and at Gowdy's request made a brief that will be used by Spooner and Sanborn, his associates in the case now on trial.

Nothing further of importance has been done in the Stinson case since it was dismissed in 1894 on motion before Judge Bunn for want of prosecution, but was reinstated soon after.

The records in the Stinson case show that on December 20, 1893, the defendant moved the court to dismiss the bill of complaint for want of prosecution on the part of the complainants, and that on the twenty-fourth day of February, 1894, the said bill was dismissed by the court for want of prosecution by the complainants, and the injunction vacated and dissolved. That on the fifteenth day of September, 1894, the complainants appealed to the court for an order from the court vacating the order of February 24, 1894, dismissing the bill and vacating the injunction, and that the same was heard by the court June 2, 1895, and denied January 5, 1896. That on February 25, 1896, complainants filed their bill of complaint, being this suit, settling up substantially the matters stated in the first and second bills and affecting the same lands, except the legal subdivision of the Stinson lands upon which Itasca is located, which was, through mistake or otherwise, omitted and not included in the case now on trial.

[From *Superior Wave*.]

HON. O. W. STREETER is about to publish his great poem, "A Dream of Life in Other Worlds, with God in Everything." The poem will be preceded by a history of the homeless boy, and followed by a number of choice verses from the judge's able pen, some of them having been written in the Forties. Able critics have passed on "A Dream of Life," and have pronounced it the finest thing ever written. The book will have a very large sale in the Northwest, where Judge Streeter is so well known, and where he has many friends.

With these unsolicited compliments of the press, we pass with our recollections of the upper Mississippi River, its islands and shores as they looked in 1836, and how they look now. And having followed the meandering footsteps of the boy through many changes, we now turn back to review a part of the old familiar trail and note the footprints time has made since 1836.

Galena is situated on Fevre River, six or seven miles above its confluence with the Mississippi, and which is no longer navigable to Galena, for the reason that the volume of water in the Mississippi has decreased more than one-third in the last half century, to the personal knowledge of the writer; and years ago the once busy little city of Galena was notified by the Father of Rivers that backwater would no longer furnish navigation for it. This brought Dubuque, her ancient rival, to the front, a position she kept and still holds.

Dubuque is a little north and west of Galena, on the west bank of the Mississippi River, and is the

oldest town in the State of Iowa. It was settled by the French and named after the first claimant (a Frenchman named Dubuque), whose body, after his death, was placed in a stone vault, above the ground, on the highest and most romantic bluff which overlooks the city and the Mississippi, and can be seen for miles up and down the river.

In 1836 Galena and Dubuque were both small trading-points, but subsequently became the most important business towns of the upper Mississippi River.

Prairie du Chien, or Fort Crawford, was the next and only town above Galena and Dubuque of any great importance in those early days. It is one of the oldest towns in the State of Wisconsin, and its settlement by the French dates as far back as that of St. Louis. It had quite a dusky population outside of those in charge of the fort; and a family of full-blooded Yankees would have been as great a curiosity to the natives, half-breeds and Frenchmen of Prairie du Chien and vicinity as the Indian chief Black Hawk was to the people of the East, after the battle of Bad Ax—where two old squaws were engaged and one was killed, while the other ducked and escaped by paddling her own canoe to the other shore. Bad Ax River empties into the Mississippi River on the Wisconsin side, nearly opposite to Wild Cat Bluff, where the old squaw landed at her wigwam in safety.

There were no settlements back on the prairies

at that time, and only here and there a wood-chopper's camp to be seen along the river; and our supplies had to be shipped from St. Louis to Galena and Dubuque, and from there, on flat boats, to Prairie du Chien, or Fort Crawford, for no steamers ran above Dubuque and a land route at that time was impracticable, and flat boats were the only means of transportation. These boats were poled up the river until freight was delivered, then pushed into the river and floated down it. It took at least ten men to run one of these—three on each side with setting poles, one to steer, and three on shore with a rope, when they could follow the shore, and when they could not use the rope to advantage they would go on board and paddle. The flat-boat line was continued until after the soldiers were moved to Fort Snelling.

Fort Snelling is located between the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers, just above the junction, and between St. Paul and Minneapolis, which have since been built.

This important event and the facts that rich mines were being struck and worked in the lead-mining district, and that immigration had commenced, gave life to business, and stimulated the Harris boys (who subsequently became the great steamboat men of the upper Mississippi River) to put on a small boat between Galena and Fort Snelling. A small craft was fitted up and, with a small freight, started out on her first trip. When-

ever she made a landing, especially at the wood-chopper's camps, the little boat was greeted as the messenger of peace and plenty. Cheer after cheer greeted the little boat as she passed up the river on her first trip; for those who had so long worked at a disadvantage felt relieved with the prospect of better times. They could now ship their wood in flat boats, to be towed down by the little steamer, while the home demands for the steamer's supply would be good; they would no more have to raft their wood with the risk of getting wrecked before finding a market below. That could be done, but there had been no reliable way of getting their supplies from Galena up the river to their camps until this steamer began her trips.

Next, the little boat was making her regular trips, and the trade was increasing so rapidly that a larger boat became necessary to do the business. The Harris boys realized the situation, and at once contracted for the building of a larger boat, to run from Galena to Fort Snelling, which boat they named the *Otter*. This steamer continued in the trade for years and long after larger steamers were running in the line to St. Paul.

Mr. Streeter will never forget his first trip from Galena to Fort Snelling, on the steamer *Otter*; and, while there were many interesting, well remembered incidents connected with it, there is one not to be overlooked,—that the boat was loaded exclusively with whiskey and tobacco for Fort Snelling.

About that same year, or during one of the coldest beginnings of one of the mildest winters ever experienced in the Northwest or known in its history, occurred incidents which deserve a prominent place—to show how the hand of Providence can relieve and protect the oppressed. During the last of November of the winter referred to, the St. Louis boats, loaded with provisions for Galena, to feed the people of the Northwest, were frozen in, compelling the abandonment of their trips, which left all the surplus of flour and provisions in Galena in the hands of one Frenchman, who refused to sell his flour for less than forty cents a pound, and starvation stared the people in the face. The miners and citizens held a meeting and appointed a committee to wait on the Frenchman, present the hopeless, dependent condition of the people, and ask him in the name of humanity to lower his prices and open his doors to the poor and hungry; but he positively refused their bequest. Another meeting, a secret one, was held behind closed doors, by which meeting it was resolved that there was only one course left for the people to pursue and that was to force open the Frenchman's warehouse, if necessary, and feed the poor and hungry. This was in the winter of 1840, if memory serves right; if not, it was one among the Forties; and the month of November, that year, was the coldest month of the winter.

When hope of supplies for the winter had been abandoned, while miners and citizens were seriously

considering their unfortunate condition, the weather changed and became suddenly warm, with a wind blowing from the south, which continued for several days, until the ice was all broken up in Fevre River, and the Mississippi was reported clear from Galena to New Orleans—in the month of January—something never heard of before in the history of the great Father of Rivers. While anxious souls were gazing upon the open water with wonder, a steamboat whistle was heard from below, and for a moment all remained silent, for they were still in doubt until the second whistle came, louder than the first and echoing from bluff to bluff. Then an immense shout of joy filled the air. In a few minutes more one of the large lower-river steamers could be seen rounding Pilot Knob, and now in plain view. Every eye was fixed upon her as she neared the landing, loaded to the guards. What could her cargo be, was the question with all, while hurriedly the lines were made fast; and when the gangplank reached the shore a rush was made for the office, whence the welcome news, like an electric flash, spread to every wood-chopper's paradise and miner's camp in the district, "The boat is loaded with flour!" and the hills echoed the joyful news.

About this time the old Frenchman, who had been dreaming of a fortune he was to make out of his flour, heard the startling news of the arrival of the steamer loaded with flour, and hurried down to the landing to learn the facts; and when he saw

the crew unloading flour, he turned and exclaimed, "Hell! suppose steamboat come up in middle of wint'!" The boat's freight was discharged and she returned to St. Louis. The flour was placed on the market at a reasonable price and, with peace and plenty, everybody smiled and a day of thanksgiving was had, for all believed it was a special act of Providence which gave them bread.

With a plenty of flour there was an abundance to eat, for the shores both sides of the Mississippi were thronged with game; the river was full of fish; the mouths of the spring brooks were open this winter and held flocks of ducks; the forests and groves furnished pheasants and quails; the barrens and prairies had chickens and grouse; the brooks were alive with speckled trout, and deer were numerous everywhere; the streams, groves and prairies west of the great river were the home of elk and buffalo, and Nature had provided for all. Wild hogs were also plenty on many of the islands in the river, and one of the largest of hog-camps along the upper Mississippi was at the mouth of Turkey River, in Iowa, directly opposite Cassville, in Wisconsin. At this point the bottom-land of the two rivers was an extensive region, well adapted to the raising of hogs. It produced an immense crop of artichokes annually, and all the country about was covered with mast-producing trees. It was a paradise of hunters, who always sought this favored spot to get their winter supplies of pork.

This recalls to mind a trip made to Turkey River in November, 1846. There were four in the party — the Barningham brothers, Whitmore, the natural comedian, and O. W. Streeter, the once homeless boy. The outfit for the party included an old sorrel mare, a small sack of flour, a sack of oats and sack of salt, a small piece of salt meat, four tin plates, a small bucket for teapot and a larger one to cook in, blankets, tobacco, matches, guns and ammunition. With this outfit they packed the old mare and started for Cassville, on the river, which they reached about 3 P.M. Two Frenchmen, the only inhabitants of the town, looked as if they might have lived there ever since Christopher Columbus discovered America. Each filled an important position; one had charge of the ferry-boat, the other kept watch over a barrel of red-head whiskey. The members of the party fed the old mare, refreshed themselves and got everything on board the flat-boat ferry, when Whitmore refused to cross without a jug of whiskey. So all "chipped in," and Whitmore brought on board a four-gallon jug, filled with red-head whiskey. Then the flat was poled out, towed up the Wisconsin side about half a mile and dropped into the current, with the aid of paddles, striking the Iowa side a little below the mouth of Turkey River about 5 P.M. Here "truck" was put ashore and two of the party started out to find a suitable camp.

The boys located camp at the foot of the hills,

about two hundred and fifty feet above the bottom-land, under a shelving rock on the side-hill, where, after fixing a wigwam for the old mare at the bottom of the hill, everything else was packed up the deep-worn trail to the shelter of the shelving rock — everything except the four-gallon jug of red-head whiskey, which Whitmore had charge of, and that he finally succeeded in getting into camp. It was now night and a cold lunch was eaten; blankets were spread under the shelving rock, which sheltered heads and shoulders but left the feet to the weather; a small camp-fire was lit; all smoked and sang songs; Whitmore made a speech, and then each took a drink of red-head whiskey and went to bed.

About daylight the party woke up and found that over a foot of snow had fallen, covering all but their heads and shoulders. Whitmore was already out and, with the jug elevated upon a rock, was making a speech about the "beautiful snow," and, with the cork out, was about to take a second drink, when, with a finishing flash of eloquence and flourish of hands, he moved the jug from its foundation and it started down the hill, a distance of two hundred and fifty feet, with stopple out and Whitmore after it. It was a rough and tumble race, but the jug kept a little ahead. The old mare, at the bottom, heard Whit. and the jug coming and made her escape. After Whit. and the jug had landed at the bottom he began to examine

things around him to see how much damage had been done. He found his face and hands barked a little, his clothing the worse for wear, the jug all right, but the whiskey gone. This last was dry for Whit., who started at once for camp, described his rough and tumble race down the bluff and asked the boys what he should do. They told him that he ought to take the old mare and the jug, go to the ferry landing, signal the Frenchman to come over, and have the jug refilled and bring it back to camp. It was but a short time until Whitmore, with the old mare and the jug of red-head whiskey, put in an appearance. Breakfast was ready; Whitmore made a speech, and then all took a drink and ate breakfast.

It was then late and the party started for the hunting ground on the bottom, for all wanted fresh pork. There was a good tracking snow and the old dog soon found a camp of wild hogs. The guardians of the pigs all took after the dog and the pigs followed. Some of the old ones had tusks like elephants, and it was nip and tuck between the dog and the hogs in the race, though when they passed in sight of the hunters these thought the dog was a little ahead. The pigs came so close that Barningham shot one. It was fat and weighed about one hundred pounds. It was carried to camp and dressed and Barningham soon had a fine lot of it in the camp kettle. He seasoned it as he usually did fresh meat, but this being fattened on mast and ar-

tichokes, was oily and required more. Before the stew was done the cook filled the kettle with dumplings. Soon the stew was complete and ready for use as soon as the table was set. The tin plates were distributed, each one had a clam-shell spoon, and there was one big fork for all to use—all set on the rock table. Time was called; Whitmore desired to ask a blessing and did, no one objecting. At its close all pitched in and a more busy time was never seen at a pig feast. All pronounced it good and as nothing remained after dinner the opinion expressed was accepted.

The party now began to consider what they would do on the following day, but before any definite arrangement was made every one in camp was taken sick—except the old mare, and she didn't eat pig. They had nothing to take but strong tea and red-head whiskey, but with this they reached home and were doubtless as well pleased as was the author of "Home, Sweet Home," when he completed his immortal poem.

Passing from the Turkey River Camp, let us note the wonderful changes and improvements which time and the settlers are making along the great river, on its romantic shores and in the beautiful country which borders it. Permanent arrangements had been consummated for running lines of steamers between St. Louis and St. Paul, and between Galena, Dubuque and St. Paul and everything looked cheerful. The islands, shores and

river were animated with new life, and prosperity smiled on every face. The prairies were being settled and farms opened, and waving fields of wheat, oats and corn surrounded many a happy home. The plows were busy turning over more of the richest prairie land than had ever been opened to the sun, and the settlers were contented and happy.

The country was over-run with wild game, from rabbits to buffaloes, and from coveys of quail to the gobblers of Turkey River; the noisy brooks were alive with the speckled beauties; the Mississippi River was teeming with pickerel, bass and other species of the finest fish that live in fresh waters; —and neither the aristocracy of this nor any other country, with all their wealth, can have the luxuries which Nature furnished the early settlers of the upper Mississippi Valley. Verily, a more beautiful land, with happy homes, was never warmed by the rising sun.

And a new era had now dawned upon the Father of Rivers which opens its mouth to kiss the tide. Steamers with side wheels, which fluttered like the wings of the pheasant when pounding on his old rotten log at dawn, to break the solitude — the thoughtful silence of Nature; the snow-white steamers, from below, came in and out among the green islands; every stroke of a woodman's axe was echoed from bluff to bluff; and the whistle of the steamers could be heard at every

chopper's camp and pioneer's hut. The whistle was notice to all that the boat would land, and then everybody would gather at the landing, to listen to the music of the colored deck-hands' minstrel band. The band usually presented itself in a half circle on the bow of the lower deck, after the first whistle, and commenced the music long before the boat reached the shore; and it was the sweetest music man ever listened to on this earth. Talk of opera—the noted singers of the day—their music, compared with the sweet-toned voices of the lower-river minstrels, would sound more like a band of screech-owls.

The upper Mississippi River, its shores and its tributaries, from 1836 to 1865, was a paradise, and the grandest and best country for a poor man that Nature ever spread out. And if Adam and Eve could have seen it in early days they never would have settled in Eden. From here we follow the trail of O. W. Streeter, the homeless boy, to the Pacific Coast, Arizona and old Mexico, where he spent most of his time in 1873 and 1874.

HERE WE FIND THE BOY AGAIN.

In December, 1873, O. W. Streeter, no longer the homeless boy, left Minnesota on a business trip to California, Arizona and old Mexico. On reaching San Francisco he held a consultation with Gen. Amasa Cobb, one of the attorneys in the Mare Island

case, and then continued his journey to San Diego, a pleasant little city on San Diego Bay that locks arms with the sea and forms part of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico.

Here he remained until the sixteenth day of January, 1874, when he secured wagon transportation from San Diego to Yuma, Ariz., by way of the Milkato mountains, to avoid trouble with the Indians or the Mexicans en route. In passing over the foot-hills we saw many inviting places, surrounded with fruitful valleys and pleasant homes; but, upon leaving the little Edens, we kept climbing until we reached the summits of the mountains, and the top of the highest ragged peak; and from this point it looks as though the world was all below, and that the California desert that lies spread out before us is Nature's mirror. From this cloud-capped summit of the mountain range we descended to the desert and camped until about two o'clock in the morning, when we started and pulled across the sixty-mile waste, reaching the Colorado River and the city of Yuma about half past ten in the evening.

This Mexican town has long had the reputation of being the hottest place on the Pacific Coast. It is located a short distance from the Gulf of California, with which it is connected by the Colorado River steamers. Here we remained a short time, until our wagon train was ready, and away we went, on a mule pace, and reached the city of Tucson on

the fifteenth day of February, 1874, after a long and tedious journey, having had to stand guard every other night with others, to watch the movements of the Apaches.

Tucson is an old Mexican city, located about sixty miles north of the Mexican line, in Pima County, Arizona, on the Santa Cruz River, that flows through it and furnishes the city with plenty of water. It was the capital in 1874, but was subsequently superseded by Prescott. The population in 1874 was Mexican and Indian, with some Americans.

The city is surrounded with mountains at a distance—the Tucson range on the south, the Santa Catalena southeast, and on the north the Santa Ritas, that out-top them all, rising more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea, overlooking her pigmy brothers, that stand like footstools beneath her mountain crest. These elevations have all the elements of a cold climate. It thunders, lightens, rains, freezes, snows and thaws, and often during the rainy season some of the finest electric exhibitions ever witnessed on earth are seen at the tops of these mountains by the people in the valleys.

And here the question as to how Mexicans and others can raise so many fat cattle in Arizona without irrigation can be answered by the once homeless boy, who has traveled over the country and knows the facts from personal knowledge and observation.

The mountain ranges of Arizona are fine and well adapted to stock raising. The first plateau below the summits of the Santa Rita mountains is a boundless field of green grass of the best quality — equal, if not superior, to the grass on the foot-hills of California, the difference being that the Arizona ranges are larger, greener and fresher every month in the year, and extend the whole length of the mountain ranges. This extensive mountain region is irrigated from the deep snows and heavy rains that fall on the summits of the mountains, and the little streams that constantly flow from the falling rain and melting snow, and spread over boundless fields below, are a part of Nature's system of irrigation.

But no part of the water that flows from the summits of these mountains ever reaches the mesa lands or valleys below, to moisten the earth. This phenomenal condition of things is explained with the facts that when the water leaves the first plateau below the summit, it leaves the bed rock, and Nature does not furnish a substitute beyond this line; hence the water seeks subterranean passage till it finds a bed rock and is lost from the surface, valleys and mesa lands below.

While countless herds of fat cattle may be seen loafing in the big pasture, the cattle's paradise, on the mesa lands below the summit of the Santa Ritas every month in the year, often mixed up with four or five species of the wild deer, including the ante-

lope,— all feeding together as one herd,— the cows and calves run together, and are as wild as buffaloes; but if one of the herd is wanted he is singled out and, with broncho and lasso, is soon made a prisoner.

And before closing this brief notice of the Santa Rita mountains, memory would be unkind if it did not recall some of the interesting incidents which occurred on this mountain range, when Mr. Streeter was one of its frequent visitors, having purchased an interest in a copper mine during the excitement of the new discovery, located next to the highest point on the mountains, thirty miles distant from Tucson, by the only practicable route by which the summit and mines can be reached. The first twenty-five miles of road from Tucson to the big ranch, where we leave our horses and buggies and take jacks and jennies for the trail, is good. The trail from the big ranch to the summit and the mines is six miles, and every foot had to be blasted, making it a very expensive trail. It is narrow, with no turn-outs, is located from five hundred to a thousand feet above the bottom of the deep ravine, and it follows to the summit, with no room for a jack or jenny to meet; and, to avoid mistakes, a time was fixed to start from the summit and also from the ranch. Yet mistakes have been made, and our subject made one on his last trip to the mines.

We started from the big ranch for the summit

with a jack and a jenny at the proper time, as we supposed, but before we had traveled half the distance we met a train coming down, and were brought to a sudden halt, as we could not pass, turn out or back out. A messenger was sent in haste to the superintendent of the mines at the summit, who realized at once the situation and sent six experienced miners with a complete outfit of blasting and mining tools. They came to the scene without delay and, after a careful examination of our critical condition, they commenced work. Some blasting had to be done, but this did not disturb us, for our jacks and jennies were raised in the mines and were used to it. Yet we had to stand guard every moment with the spears we had with us to keep the jacks and jennies on their feet, for they could not lie down and regain a foothold on the trail. The miners put off three light blasts and drove the rest with picks and gads, making a turnout for jacks and jennies to pass, but the shades of night had overtaken us, and no one ever attempted to follow this trail after night without a clear sky and a full moon. At this time the moon was full and just rising above the foot-hills, and we waited until the midnight lamp had reached a position above us where her strongest rays would illuminate our pathway, and then we started for the summit and the other party proceeded to the ranch.

We reached the summit and mines without any further trouble, and were welcomed by the superin-

tendent, who made us all comfortable for the night. After the night's good rest we arose to breathe the fresh mountain air and look upon some of Nature's grandest pictures of the Santa Rita mountains. After a brief visit at the summit copper mines and the claim of Mr. Streeter we returned to camp and had a pleasant time with those who lived on the summit and with visitors who were compelled to stay over on account of our blockade of the trail. The superintendent gave us a pressing invitation to remain until the following day and go down with the evening train, saying he felt confident we would have a pleasant time, for the morning train was expected to bring a delegation of Catholics and others from the San Xavier Church.

The train of jacks and jennies arrived, bringing the distinguished visitors expected, who were welcomed by the superintendent, who provided everything necessary for their comfort. After refreshments had been served and a short time spent in looking over the camp, drinking from pure fountains and breathing the fresh air of the summit, far above the heated valley and mesa lands below, the visitors left the camp to explore some of the wild, romantic scenery which surrounds the Santa Rita summits and to secure photographs of some of the prominent points—including the white quartz mound, the grandest of them all. This hill upon a mountain rises from one to two hundred feet above the summit of the mountain, and looks, from a distance,

like a great mound of drifted snow. This grand phenomenal bump of Nature has always attracted the attention and admiration of visitors.

It is not strange that the beautiful nun and her companion should have sought this place, in advance of the exploring party, to view the scenes Nature had presented here, for thought and contemplation. After feasting their eyes upon the beauty surrounding this sacred spot, the nun's companion expressed a desire to find the exploring party and return with them. No sooner was her companion out of sight and hearing than the beautiful nun, deeply impressed with the grandeur and beauty of the scene before her, dropped upon her knees at the foot of the white mound and, with uplifted hands and face, offered her prayers to Heaven. In the meantime the artist of the exploring party had reached the quartz mound for the purpose of taking a picture, and as he approached the foot of the mound he discovered the nun on her knees in the attitude of prayer, and lost no time in taking the picture of the little quartz mound, including the unconscious nun in her reverent attitude. The rest of the party had now arrived in time to see the nun still on her knees and with uplifted hands, but she rose to her feet when disturbed by the approach of so many, and did not know that her picture had been taken with the little quartz mound while she was kneeling at its foot.

It was a meeting of congratulations, and then,

with a farewell look at the sacred mound, the San Xavier party returned to camp, while Mr. Streeter and friend, who had witnessed one of the most impressive scenes that memory ever recorded, returned with the evening train to the big ranch. They found the thoroughbreds and their carriage all right, stopped over night and, in the cool of the morning, started for the city of Tucson.

Gliding along, in the cool of the morning, with the thoroughbreds pulling on the lines, we discovered a small herd of Mexican cattle on our right, drawn up in lines of battle, but in different shape from anything we had ever seen before. At the head of this formation was one of the largest Mexican bulls we ever saw, and guarding the rear was one nearly as large. The sides, from front to rear, were fenced with bulls with their horns on the outside. This excited our curiosity and we determined to learn, if possible, what was on the inside of the fort. So Jim, who stood about six feet two, stepped on the seat to view the inside, and said it was full of cows and young calves. This told the whole story, and we commenced looking over the ground the bulls were watching so closely, and we saw coyotes popping up their heads in every direction. The grass was full of them. They were watching for the calves, but we drove on, satisfied with the old saying, "Live and learn."

The thoroughbreds now pulled stronger than ever on the lines. While speeding across the

road running east along the foot of the mountains, we sighted a band of about twenty-three Mexicans, on bronchos, carrying heavy arms, who had evidently discovered us and were making the best effort in their power to overtake us or get within shooting distance. I turned the thoroughbreds loose. They ran together as even as two mice, and for a short distance the race was exciting. But the Kentucky bays soon placed the Mexican bronchos behind the distance pole, and we reached the city of Tucson in good time.

Next morning we drove to the San Xavier Church. This relic of antiquity is located ten miles below the city of Tucson on the Santa Cruz River, in the county of Pima and Territory of Arizona, and was built by the Jesuits more than three hundred years ago. It has been twice raided and robbed of its gold and silver by the Apaches, but still remains a firm monument of olden time and holds within its sacred vaults the records of more than three hundred years. It was built of adobe brick and only few changes have been made; yet it remains solid and firm. It is about eighty by one hundred and twenty feet, and at least sixty feet from the bottom to the polished walls above, which are covered with rich paintings representing distinguished men of olden times. On the left of the main entrance is an adobe gallery, evidently built for use of musicians and singers, and has a capacity of seating sixty persons. The

seats can be reached by means of adobe steps on either side. The gallery is solid. The altar is on the north side of the building, and over one hundred feet from the gallery; still, most of those standing behind it can be distinctly seen and recognized from the gallery. The following are some of the distinguished persons known to the world that have been moulded into such life-like pictures by the artist, and placed behind the altar of San Xavier Church, that they have always been taken by visitors, when a short distance away, as living beings. Among those standing behind the altar are many known to the ancient Roman Church: Joseph and John, Christ the Son of God and his Disciples; and last, but not least, is Mary, the mother of Christ, who appears at three different periods of her life; but the most beautiful of them all is where she appears with Our Saviour in her arms.

Turning away from this grand old spot, surrounded with living memories of the past, we return to view the city of Tucson, the then capital of Arizona. In passing around among the public buildings, we saw the governor's adobe home. From there we passed over to the secretary's office. Mr. Streeter approached the entrance and was astonished to meet Coles Bashford, formerly of Wisconsin and once governor of that State—his old friend and associate in early life—now Secretary of the Territory of Arizona, by Presi-

dential appointment. A more unexpected and pleasant meeting of old friends in a strange land seldom occurs. The next place of interest visited was the post-office. On reaching the office Mr. Streeter received a letter of recent date stating that he would have to remain in Tucson until further advised.

During the months of March and April, 1874, while Mr. Streeter was in Tucson and vicinity nearly all the Apaches abandoned their reservation and took the war-path. They had been sighted several times and at different places by the friendly Papagos. The news spread and the people of the adobe city and vicinity were much excited, and with the aid of the Papagos, they placed a strong guard around the city at night. The military post, three miles from Tucson, was notified of the danger and to be ready, as the troops might be called out at any time.

It was in the last of March, 1874, when we kept the city guarded every night, that the Apaches made their midnight raid on the city of Tucson. They were met by the Papagos and Mexicans, with the few Americans that resided there, who made it hot for Cachise and his band until the boys arrived from the post, on American horses, when Cachise and his forces retreated in the direction of Mule Mountain, hotly pursued by the troops, with a small army of volunteers in the rear, including Mr. Streeter, trying to overtake the troops with

our bronchos. But the American horses out-footed us and we had to drop behind.

On the next day after the raid, according to an ancient custom among the Papagos which has been observed from time immemorial, they appeared on the streets of the city exhibiting on poles the heads of the Apaches they had killed in the battle with Cachise, singing their war songs and asking for presents, which they usually get. They have always been loyal to the whites and are very different in many respects from other tribes and nations, more particularly in the government of their domestic affairs and tribal relations. Their penalty for a violation of the marriage contract is the loss of both ears and nose; and the enforcement of this rigid rule, it is said, accounts for the absence of half-breeds and mixed bloods among the Papagos.

Cachise and his braves, after they were overtaken by our troops, near Mule Mountain, fought a running fight on their bronchos until the last one fell. The Apaches who escaped the battle were few. The bridle used on Cachise's broncho and his whip were presented to Secretary Bashford, who in turn gave them to his old friend O. W. Streeter, who now has possession of these Indian relics.

This closed the history of the Apache raid on the city of Tucson in 1874, and ended the career and life of Cachise, the most wretched and inhuman Indian chief of the nineteenth century, and the only one who ever inaugurated and successfully main-

tained a reign of terror over Mexico, Arizona and the mountain regions of the Gulf for nearly half a century by robbing and murdering unprotected citizens.

We next find our subject in receipt of late instructions from New York and preparing for a trip to Sonora, Mexico. His outfit was nearly complete; he had secured a four-seated vehicle, with four mules, water-casks, camp fixtures, provisions, barley and firearms, a guide, cook, driver, interpreter, translator and night watch. With this outfit we left Tucson on the following day for the City of Magdalena in the State of Sonora, Mexico. The first day we reached the half-way camp ground, between Tucson and the custom house, on the line between Arizona and Sonora. The second day we crossed the dividing ridge between the custom house and the Magdalena River, and passed the old camp on the summit of the dividing ridge long known as the travelers' camp.

While crossing the ridge our attention was called by the guide to an Apache post-office. The mules were brought to a halt and all got out to examine the ingenious work of wild, uneducated Indians. The office consisted of a large, irregularly formed pile of (mostly) cobblestones, laid up with some regularity, and located on a slightly spot at the junction of four deep-worn Indian trails, which cross the main thoroughfares and in places run parallel with them. Around this general office,

our Mexican interpreter and translator said, the Apaches concentrate when on a raid, to report and receive instructions. All the raiding bands report at this office their defeat or success as the case may be. This is done by changing the position of some particular stone or by adding another. When something startling or important is to be reported, the silent stone, with an evergreen, is placed in a new position among the rocks. And the language of this pile of silent pebbles and their evergreen companions is as well understood by the Apaches as our language is by us.

After a close examination of the Apache century plant, or post-office department, we continued our journey to Sinaloa, by way of Magdalena, Hermosillo, and other points, to examine records and secure copies from the archives of Sinaloa and Sonora. This we did and then returned to Magdalena to remain over night. Here we learned that nearly all the Apaches who from choice accepted homes on the reservation after the capture of Cachise in 1874 — numbering between three and four hundred — had abandoned their reservation and taken the war-path, following their old trails into Mexico, along the dividing ridge.

We got an early start from Magdalena and had the cool of the morning to travel in. We reached the old camp ground on the summit of the dividing ridge a little before sundown, but the news the boy received at Magdalena made him cautious about

selecting a camp ground for the night. The men and mules were tired and hungry and wanted to stop, for there was no other camp ground this side of the custom house, and, while Mr. Streeter was making a close search for fresh Indian signs, near the old camp ground and old Apache trail, the boys had unhitched and taken care of the mules, built a camp fire and were preparing to get supper, when a very fine outfit, on its way to Tucson, drove up and turned into camp for the night. It was composed of a four-seated coach hauled by six mules, with passengers, driver, cook, guide and interpreter — numbering twelve altogether.

In the meantime Mr. Streeter discovered a fresh Apache trail and from the signs he estimated their number to be about three hundred. Their trail was visible on the north side of the summit of the dividing ridge, nearly half a mile from the camp. He reported to the company what he had found and all followed him down to see it. Upon reaching the ground he explained that the earth was so completely covered with rock that neither a broncho nor Indian in walking over it would make the least impression on the ground, although it was fairly covered with grass — the only means through which he had discovered their trail — and he called the attention of his company to the well-defined road the Indians left behind them in passing through the grass, which he, who was familiar with Indian life, could plainly see, but the rest could not. He made

a second effort to convince them by showing that the grass was all bent one way for about the width of fifty feet and that outside of that line the grass stood straight; then added that from the long experience he had had in Indian life in the Northwest he was satisfied that his apprehensions were well founded and that the Indians were not at that time five miles from the camp. But the men could not see it in that light and preferred to remain in the old camp over night with the strangers, although they said they were subject to his order and would not stay without his consent.

He made no further objection, but took his satchel of papers, with revolvers, and started, saying it was all down hill and he could make it in an hour, and adding, "You will find me at the custom house in the morning." He started on a lively gait, but before he had passed out of sight a messenger from the camp overtook him and said the boys had decided to come along and were hitching up. He made a halt and in less than a half hour they were all on the way to the custom house, where they arrived safely and were soon settled for the night.

Morning came, but we did not hurry, for we had only thirty miles to drive to reach the half-way camp between the custom house and Tucson. About nine o'clock, when we had hitched up and were about ready to continue our journey for Tucson, a boy came flying in on a broncho with a message for the custom house, stating that the six-

mule coach, with ten passengers, which pulled into the old camp on the divide about sundown the night before had been attacked by the Apaches, who murdered all the men, so horribly mutilated the victims that their personal identity was beyond recognition, destroyed the coach and other property and took away the mules. And had it not been for the caution and the long experience of Mr. Streeter among the Indians of the Northwest, he and his party would have been numbered with the victims of the old camp massacre, which for inhuman torture has no parallel in the history of Indian warfare.

With this startling news we continued our journey to Tucson, Ariz., and reached the capital city the following day, when our employees returned to their respective homes. Mr. Streeter soon closed his business in Tucson and was homeward bound to New York, to report to the parties who employed him to examine title to certain Spanish grants located in California, Arizona and New Mexico, in which the New York parties claimed an interest under the treaty stipulations between the two governments.

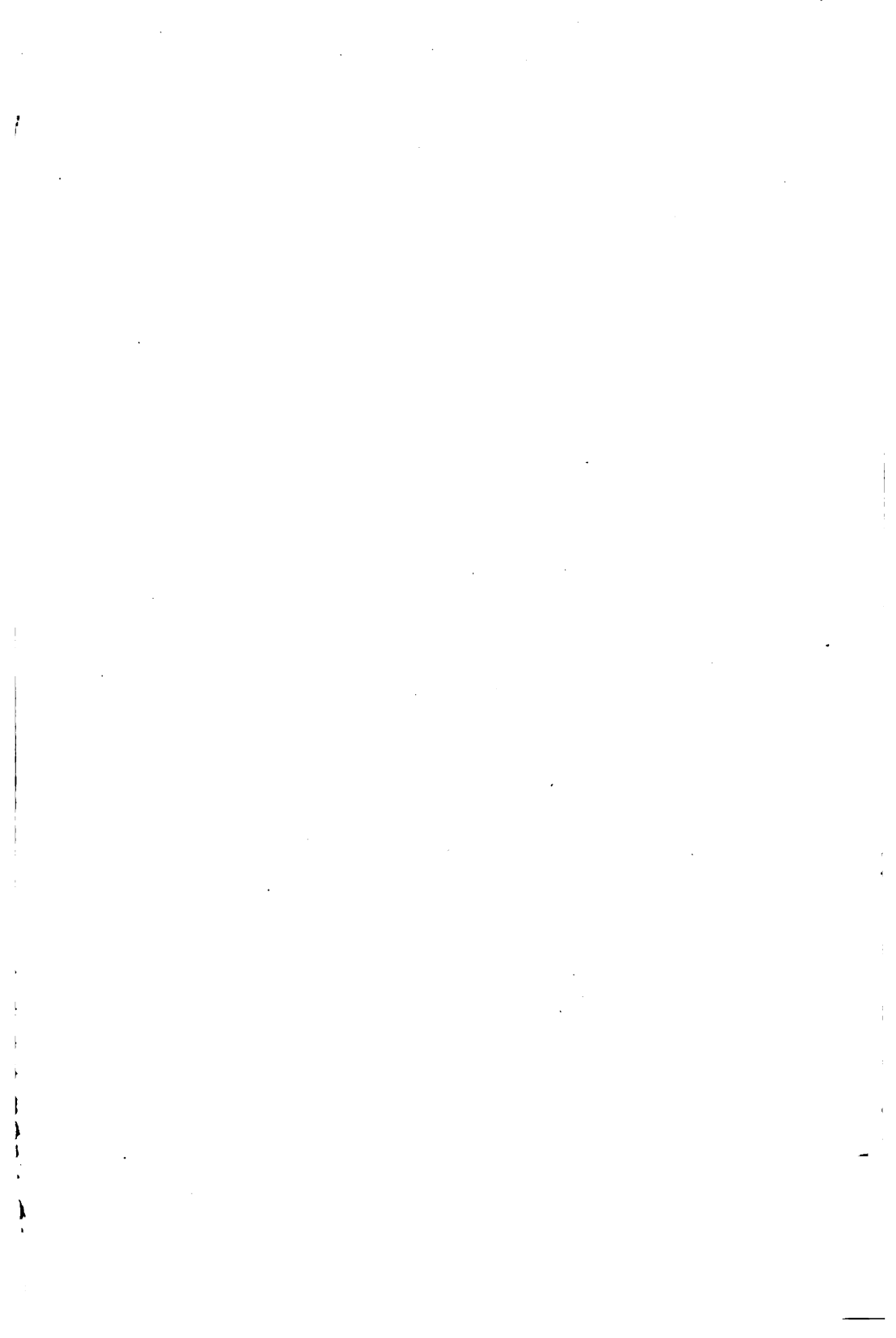
Here we close the interesting sketches of the early boyhood of O. W. Streeter, the once homeless boy, his pioneer settlement, life and experiences in early days on the upper Mississippi River, his travels in Southern California, Arizona and old Mexico in 1873 and 1874. We now present his poem en-

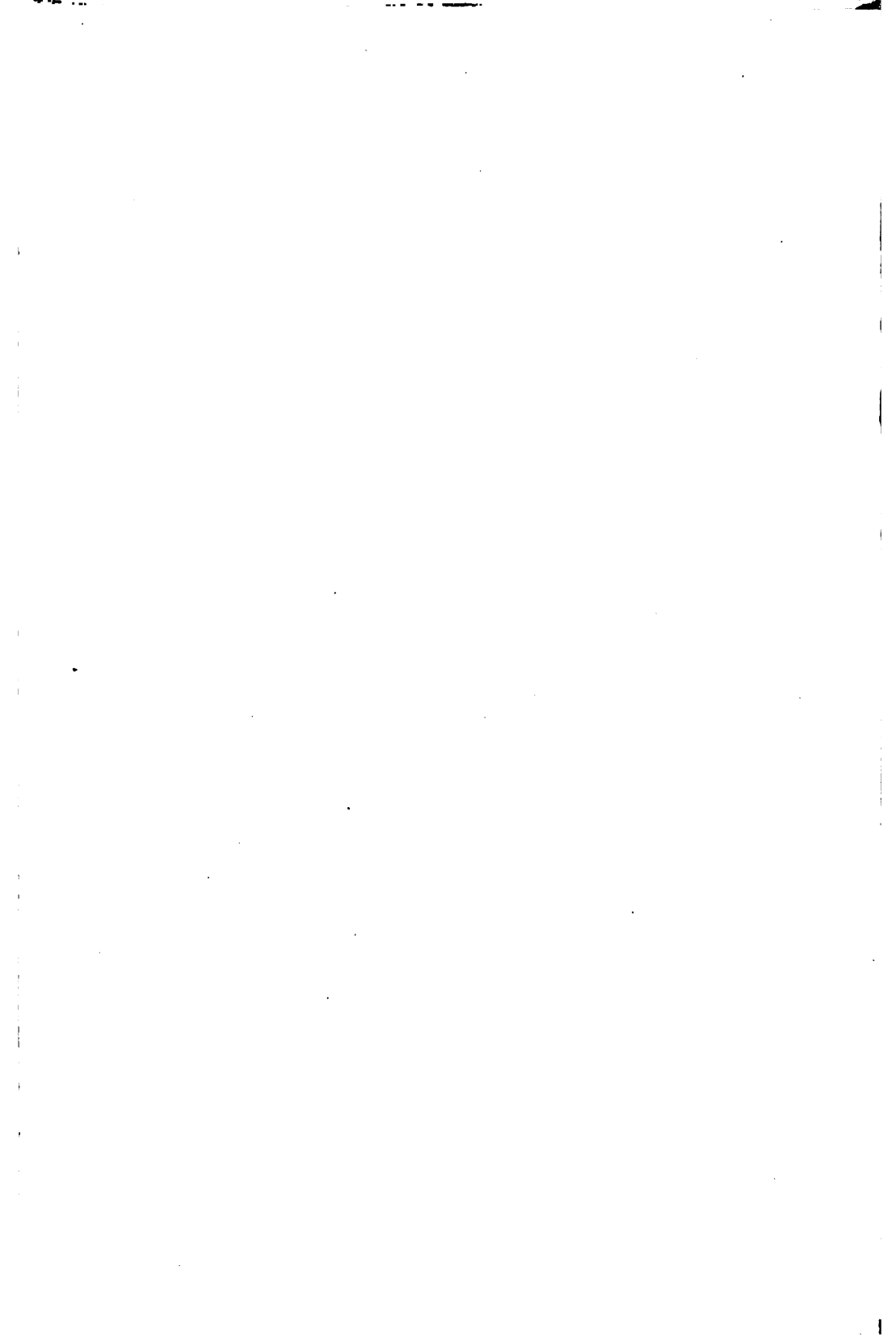
titled "A Dream of Life in Other Worlds, with God in Everything," also miscellaneous poems, composed at different periods of his life, all of which are respectfully submitted to the critical test of public opinion.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



O. W. STREETER.
Taken in 1868.





A DREAM OF LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS,
WITH GOD IN EVERYTHING.

BY OSCAR W. STREETER, "THE HOMELESS BOY."

MINDS that act in their proper sphere
May fill their measure of glory here,
While those who mount the doubtful tide
May sink or wreck on the other side ;
For thought grows weary, as fades the spark,
And homeward blunders, for all is dark.

Still oft the smallest of boats, you see,
Will venture out on a shoreless sea,
And fearless captains, with crew and mate,
Will try the waves and challenge fate.

So feeble thoughts come limping along
To fill the measure of stupid song ;
But hither we rise or thither we fall,
Thoughts of our being concern us all.

And first in visions that seemed divine,
Came thought, with startling records of time,
Through realms of beauty where knowledge is bliss,
And world after world is turning with this.

And lo! as I slept, and the mind was free,
A relic of ages revealed to me
That God is in Nature, and every part,
However small, has a vital spark.

Through boundless space, and space minute,
From giant oaks to flowers that shoot,
From brooks that sing and kiss the tide,
And frowning hills on the other side,
From mountains of sea that rise and fall,
And tow'ring peaks above them all,
There's nothing in heaven or earth below
But has new germs of life to sow.

Even the dust that our feet have tread
Has life and power to raise the dead ;
And how can this eternal power
Destroy itself who brings the hour?
For God is eternal and breathes in all,
And how can His wisdom e'er rise or fall?

Matter may change and decompose,
But the stream of life still onward flows
From fields of light to depths below ;
And worlds beyond, for aught we know,
Through endless veins too small to scan,
It ebbs and flows from God to man,
And every part supports the whole,
As countless ages onward roll.

But minds too small to comprehend
The laws of reason oft offend ;
And on, through mist of ages past,
They drift and sway like a reeling mast
Riding the surf of a doubtful tide,
With empty bubbles on every side ;
Teaching the minds of mortals here,
That all within this hapless sphere
Must melt like wax before the flame,
And darkness spread her wings again,
Till every gleam of life and light
Is lost in one eternal night.

Oh ! wretched thought and minds perverse,
To thus assail God's universe, —
First learn what every fool should know,
That all that live have life to sow, —
That quick from every dying root
A thousand healthy saplings shoot ;
That rivers dry for want of rain,
But Nature's volume is the same ;
That every living, creeping thing
Has generations born within, —
Learn half that Nature has unfurled,
Then guess the riddle of the world.

With science circle other suns,
Learn how and when old time begun,
How Adam slipped so far from grace,
That sentence passed on all his race.

How evil, with her motley brood,
In Eden triumphed over good.
Turn all these pictures face to face,
And measure time with endless space.

Then say if worlds must cease to be,
What lies beyond the border sea;
Ask Time if ages have betrayed
The thought that worlds were never made.
Turn all the mystic pages o'er —
Let every thought with reason blend —
Then ask where time and space can end.

From kindred worlds the echo comes,
Our fields are warmed by other suns,
We form a part of an endless whole,
With God the fountain and the soul.

No clouds or mist obscure the sky
Where worlds like ships are sailing by;
No canyons deep or hills of snow,
No dreary waste spreads out below;
No wandering planets hide the sun,
Or time is kept, for the years are one;
No changes mark the seasons here,
No autumn winds or winters drear;
But hills and vales are always green,
And a wrinkled face is never seen,
For souls of earth are as young to-day
As when they entered their tents of clay,
And all are happy that come this way.

No golden suns e'er rise or set,
Or souls are taxed with life's regret;
But all are blessed with one desire —
To rise in the scale of wisdom higher,
And on and up by due degrees
They'll rise through all Eternity;
For there is no higher aim than this, -
Where knowledge is the source of bliss.

But time and space that lie between
The souls of earth and skies serene
No saint can measure or time unfold,
For the hidden pages can't be told.

We form the centre of peopled worlds,
That 'round and 'round in endless whirl
Reveal new faces of life and light,
Where skies are clear and suns are bright;
Where forests bloom and oceans roll,
And mountains stretch from pole to pole;
Where rivers leap from beds to sea,
And millions live that millions see,
Where waves chase waves from shore to shore,
That sing as they break forevermore.

And fairest maids at early dawn
Trip lightly o'er the flowery lawn,
Busy with Nature's thoughtful hours,
As bees that sip from open flowers,
Singing the song of endless time;

Where fields of God are all sublime,
And countless worlds, with measured pace,
Go whirling through eternal space;
Where endless time has grown so old,
No dates are kept or time is told;
But every page of ancient lore
Repeats what ages sung before, —
That naught was ever doomed by fate,
And man's creation has no date.

And who, when reason has control,
Would venture, at the risk of all,
To claim that God's eternal laws
Could ever change or make a pause?
That Heaven ne'er conceived the plan
Of giving life and thought to man
Till Eden marked the fatal place,
Where Eve and Adam fell from grace?

Thus reason oft mistakes the way,
And blunders where 'tis light as day,
For ages have the truth foretold,
That earth is not the only world,
But far beyond this mortal sphere,
Where Edens bloom as well as here,
Man has lived, through endless time,
In other lands and other climes,
Where kindred worlds with kindred race
Are marching on through heavenly space,
And countless millions, ever free,
Are moving through eternity.

No grand display of borrowed fame,
No tyrants honored with a name;
No hypocrites with faces long,
Or maidens fair, with siren song;
No millionaires who scourged the earth,
Or lords from accidental birth;
No kings or queens inherit thrones,
No power supreme but God alone;
And millions shout while millions sing.
God lives and moves in everything, —
In worlds above and worlds below,
Where generations come and go,
Where time no secrets can unfold,
Or oceans fret when Nature scolds,
But where the lofty summits rise
Above the light of earthly skies.

A mirage of beauty was seen to rise —
'Twas a picture of Heaven that all could see
Till it faded in mist and passed away.

And turning back from the heavenly scene,
I wondered if all we had seen was a dream;
Then drifting away with spirit guide
To peopled worlds on the other side,
We saw, while measuring time and space,
The curtain drop, and face to face
Were kindred forms of a kindred race.

The first that met our dreamy eyes
Was the kindred look of passers-by;
No fathers, mothers or children here,
But all were smiling and free from care
As the unseen Hand that placed them there.

When Adam sinned and fell from grace,
No one was found to fill his place;
And sentence passed on all the earth,
But not on worlds of foreign birth;
For all within this land of mirth
Were born as Adam was born on earth.

'Tis a world of wonders, with valleys and hills,
Oceans and rivers, mountains and rills;
Where forests and flowers eternally bloom,
And roses are climbing to shed their perfume.

The fields are all fruitful, the valleys are green;
The harvest is gathered, no reapers are seen;
Every face is a volume, and every page
Says they are all of one family, and all of one age.

Their beautiful temples, all covered with gold,
Like the evergreen pages, will never grow old.
They see not the hands, but the changes they bring
Remind us that God is in everything.

They worship the Saviour and honor His birth,
And pray to our Father like mortals on earth;
They are free from the sentence of Adam and Eve,

And are happy while earth's generations must
grieve;

They welcome all kindred and spirits that call,
And sing with creation that God is in all.

No time-faded records that memory disowns,
Or thoughts of hereafter disturb them at home;
But happy as spirits they sing as they glide,
The song of the brook as it flows to the tide.

Oh! nightless and cloudless, fair dreamland of Even,
Your blessings all flow from the fountain of Heaven.
No record is kept of your slumbering ages,
For Nature has opened her unwritten pages;
And all who will read the secret may know
That the wisdom of God will forever flow
Through fountains eternal, above and below.
Its grandeur of thought never rises to fall,
For God is in Nature and Nature in all.
His wisdom and power has no limit or bound,
And only with man can His image be found.

And long before Earth and Eden were known,
Or the Star in the East had greeted the morn,
Planets were moving with heavenly grace,
And worlds revolving face to face.

Then when was the time that there was no time,
No Power above, no Hand divine,
No worlds to sing in the endless race,
Or search in vain for the bounds of space;

No lights, for darkness leads the way,
And strange confusion has the sway;
Not a gleam of light or hope is here,
For the promised end is drawing near.

Oh! shattered minds that would reverse
The Hand that moves the universe,
You claim a beginning and end of all, —
That the power and glory of God must fall;
But reason, shocked at the startling thought,
Laughs at the follies that men have taught.

Go, ask of Time and the midnight Sun,
When worlds their endless race begun;
How long our planets have circled suns,
Ere Earth her waltz with Time begun.

Ask waves how long they've kissed the shore, —
The answer comes: "Forevermore."
Ask Satan, who still resides on earth,
And knows of Eve's and Adam's birth,
If worlds outside of earth were known
When Heaven smiled on Adam's home.

Ask stars, that rise and set with suns,
To fix the time when Time begun;
Ask rivers, that roll to kiss the tide,
How long they've hugged the mountain side;
How long they've mingled their endless song, —
The echo comes: "How long, how long?"

For there is no power but Power divine
Could make new worlds with suns to shine,
And all creation shout and sing,
His hand is seen in everything.
And Nature joins the endless strain,
And sings it o'er and o'er again.

Ask worlds that glide like ships at sea,
How long they've sailed with Eternity,
When tides began to ebb and flow,
That mark the changes come and go.

Then smoothe the wrinkled brow of Time,
And open new fields of thought sublime ;
Explore the regions of life and light,
Then ask, " Will this be changed to-night ? "

Will the matchless Hand that fashioned all
Destroy itself if Time shall call ?
Eternity's voice the answer brings, —
" God lives and moves in everything,
And naught can change His endless plan,
Or the living promise made to man."

If there was a time when Time begun,
The end of all must surely come ;
And future hope, all buried deep,
In one chaotic grave would sleep.

Reckless thought to thus contend
With minds that common-sense offend,
When Nature has the law proclaimed,

That God's creation has no end,
And man was first of all designed
For higher spheres in worlds divine.

But evil smiles on every side,
And rides the waves of time and tide
With power that feign would forge a key
To God's eternal safe ;
That holds within its sacred grasp
The secrets of all time,
And moves that universe of worlds
That have no birth-time, will or power,
To change their being or their end.

And ere suspended Nature was restored,
That acts through God's mysterious laws,
These shifting scenes and silent musings of the past
Were left for memory to unfold in life-like pictures ;
And every effort to erase the startling page
Was powerless as the siren song
To hush the music of the waves.

And wandering spirits, commissioned from above,
Held night revelry with prostrate Nature ;
While heaven-born tenants of the mind, weary
With daily round of toil, hasty exit made
To spirit land, where fair-eyed daughters of the Sun
Hold sweet converse with kindred souls of earth,
That fairest nymphs, composers above,
Might reconstruct and set the types
For mortals here below.

✱

And here the startling vision passed,
Like threatening clouds do often cast their dark,
 prophetic
Shades long before the fury of the storm,
Leaving upon the skirts of a sun-lit sky
Lone specks, that stand like sentinels at sea,
To warn the faithful mariner of gathering storms
That oft succeed e'en springtime's gentle calm,
And move at greatest depths
Dark fountains of untold grief.

Then Nature woke at Nature's call,
But found no end or worlds to fall ;
Nothing but grandeur on every side,
As we drifted away with our spirit guide
To the mountain land all circled by sea.

Fair Even, we come with our songs to thee,
We come where the hills and the valleys all meet,
Where God's singing river flows clear at your
 feet ;
And all who believe and are free from strife
May drink from this fountain of heavenly life.

Oh ! land where the sun never rises or sets,
And all are free from earth's regrets !
Farewell. To whatever land or sea
Our thoughts may drift away from thee,
Memory will keep the record bright
Till we come again in our dreamy flight.

And again we are passing through scenes all new,
Where planets, like rockets, are passing through
A world of worlds that compass all,
And bind the parts of an endless whole
To God's eternal universe,
That Nature, Reason and Time contend
Had no beginning, and never can end;
For there is no power that end can bring,
When God is the life of everything.

And passing on with spirit guide,
In the old familiar trail outside,
We are called by the touch of an unknown hand
To view the distant spirit-land.

And upward turning our dreamy eyes
We saw the beauty of heavenly skies,
Where angels meet at the saintly dome
To welcome the wandering spirits home.

And viewing the scene with our faithful guide,
We are met by our kindred on every side;
And smile greets smile from faces we knew,
While they sing the sweet song: "We know it is
you,
And we know that your flight from earth in a
dream
Is the only way known that our world can be seen,
Save those who abandon their tents of clay,
To mingle with spirits who know the way."

No gifted soul or child of art
Can ever the secrets of mind impart,
For the endless ages have never taught
The wisdom and power of silent thought.

Mysterious agent! how little we know
Of the living source from which you flow;
Think, and the message of thought is there,
For the distance is one, no matter where.

No electric flash from clouds or wire
Can ever the speed of thought acquire;
For that is a part of the sacred whole
That memory binds to the living soul.

Again we drift, with faithful guide,
To peopled worlds on the other side,
Where all rejoice, and sing the song,
"There is no time when Time begun."

And all are blessed with one desire,—
To rise towards Heaven, still higher and higher,
And on and up their course will be,
In the endless race with Eternity.

But the boundless space, to souls unknown
No angel wings can overcome;
And all whose hopes to Heaven aspire
Will find the Temple of God still higher.

Oh! land where wisdom is all divine,
And worlds are stamped with endless time,
Had we the power and gift of song
To paint the scenes as we drift along,
What a beautiful sight for all to view,
Where millions of earth are passing through,
To meet the loved of their kindred band
At the saintly home — the spirit-land.

Again we dream of worlds outside,
And away on fairy wings we glide,
Where Nature's inspirations sing,
God lives and moves in everything;
His endless power extends to all
And how can it rise or how can it fall?
For there is no end to unknown space,
No end to worlds in the endless race;
No end to Nature, for God is the soul,
And its endless pages are open to all;
No end to His wisdom, it has no bounds,
And its limit no mortal or saint has found.

No end to planets that waltz with Time,
No end to glory that's all divine;
No end to tides that ebb and flow,
Or the countless millions that come and go;
No end to God's eternal laws,
That never change or make a pause.

What power can change the Hand divine,
Or stop the endless wheels of Time ;
Revise the records of ages past,
And claim that worlds must fall at last ;
Reverse the laws of God to man,
And change His universal plan ?
Ask Justice to resign her place,
And reconstruct a fallen race, —
Then fix the end of Time and Space.

Change Heaven's laws, creation span,
And say that God's unjust to man ;
Rebuke the waves that hug the shore,
And sing with Time: "Forevermore!"

Then climb the old historic hills,
And change the course of mountain rills ;
Hush Nature's music of the soul,
And rule the world from pole to pole.

What evil spirit seeks control,
To misdirect the human soul ;
Resist God's law, and thus profane
His endless power and holy name ?

Poor mortal specks of earthly clay,
That live on mercy day by day !
You feign would change the universe,
And God's eternal laws reverse.

Reckless minds to evil given,
How dark will be your way to Heaven ;
Hopeless and cheerless the journey will be
Through the silent shades of Eternity !

Again we view the wonderland,
With untold beauty on every hand.
No sky above or worlds below,
No wandering planets come or go ;
No rising suns with smiling ray,
For light is one eternal day.

But souls that knew not God below
Can never this land of spirits know ;
For all who spurn His power to save
Have nothing to hope beyond the grave ;
But pass unblessed from earth away
To a silent and thoughtless nonentity.

But the unseen Hand, that changes with time
Every atom of matter that Nature refines,
May remould it for higher and nobler spheres,
But 'twill never be known or identified here ;
For mortals who worship their earthly clay
Are doomed to the shades in Eternity.

Then we turn with our guide to gradation day,
Where saints are coming from every way,
Waving their signals of brotherly love,
We come from the beautiful realms above ;
And all who honor and praise Him here
May rise to a higher and nobler sphere.

And many are waiting with strong desire
To share the honor of rising higher ;
And all who pass the saints' review
May rise still higher where all is new,
Where worlds are moving with power divine,
Measuring space with the step of Time ;
No compass to vary the endless line,
Or power to change the great design.

But saints inspired with Christian love
That flows from highest source above
May rise forever in endless race,
But never can reach that holy place
Where all are blessed with higher thought
Than Nature or Time has ever taught ;
Where there are no planets to rise and shine,
Or aught to change the tick of Time ;
Where souls to higher world may soar, —
But far above is millions more ;
No matter how many the path have trod,
'Tis the same creation and hand of God.

And the higher we rise in our dreamy flight,
The plainer we see the golden light ;
But the space 'twixt us and the heavenly Throne.
Can never be measured or overcome ;
But angels may rise above us here,
And fold their wings in a brighter sphere.

Now thoughts to foreign worlds ascend,
And search is made for the endless end;
But nothing is found that can decide
What lies just over the other side.

Then we turn with limited reason and thought
To read the lessons that Nature has taught,
But see no end to time or space;
No end to the fall of Adam's race;
No end to Heaven's eternal law;
No end to worlds above us all;

No end to higher saintly bliss;
No end to planets that move with this;
No end to Nature's endless song
That there is no time when Time begun.

Now, we turn to the glory that sparkles above,
Where harmony mingles with sacred love,
And the mind reviews the beautiful scenes
Through which we passed in our heavenly dreams.

And Thought is startled, but Reason is calm
O'er the wisdom revealed in His endless plan;
But the picture that dazed all saintly eyes
Was the mirage that Heaven was passing by.
And turning away from the fading scene,
I wondered if all that had passed was a dream.

Then searching new worlds of endless duration,
We found no date of man's creation;
And there's nothing to show 'twixt heaven and
earth

That man ever had a mortal birth
Till Adam sinned and fell from grace
And sentence passed on all his race.

But the worlds of people that circle above,
Singing their endless songs of love,
Are free from the sentence that passed on earth
And all are blessed with immortal birth;
Their years not numbered, for time has no end,
And the laws of their being they never offend.

They have Eves but no children, for all is divine,
And no mortal is found to kneel at their shrine;
They are happy as Eden before the great fall,
And shout with creation that God is in all.

That Earth was a part of the endless creation,
But void, without shape or worldly formation,
Till God breathed light and life through it all,
And Earth became part of the living whole.

But how can Time and Reason claim
That God had ne'er conceived the plan
Of making and stamping His image on man
Till Adam, the first-known child of earth,
Was born and blessed with immortal birth.

To foreign worlds this startling thought
Would sound like something that Time had forgot;
But the living records above and below,
Not made by hands, the truth will show, —
That man has lived through endless time,
Stamped with the image of God divine.

But the mind is too small to see and scan
The wisdom and glory of His endless plan;
But thought will fly in dreams from its own
To mystical regions unfathomed, unknown;
But dazed with their beauty returns to its home.
And again the mind with animation
Recalls the scenes of man's creation,
And turns to Adam's endless fall,
That sealed the fate of one and all.

But foreign worlds above are free
From the judgment, sentence and decree;
And all beyond the bounds of earth
Are free from the taint of mortal birth.

Long have we followed our spirit guide
On dreamy wings, passed side by side
Through spirit-worlds and kindred scenes,
That are only seen in heavenly dreams.

And again we are lost in contemplation
Of the hidden page of man's creation,
And ask of foreign worlds divine,

How long has he lived with endless Time,
How long has he lived where worlds are free? —
The echo comes: "Eternally."

Here ends the dream we've followed with our guide
Through peopled worlds on every side;
But found no page of mortal birth,
For the Holy Book and all below belongs to Earth.
While foreign worlds have statutes of their own,
But all are stamped at God's Eternal Throne.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

SPRING.

OH, dreary land and rock-ribbed hills,
With ravines deep and rippling rills;
Your mountain tops and rural shade
In Winter's gloom are wont to fade;
But Spring, ere long, with balmy breeze,
Will whisper soft among thy trees,
And vernal showers will gently fall
And give new life and birth to all.
Then Earth will change from Winter's gloom
To flowery beds that bud and bloom,
While every voice unites to sing
The beauties of another Spring.

No voice is mute or heart is sad,
But all rejoice and Earth is glad;
And Phebe sings it o'er and o'er,
Winter's blast is feared no more.

POTOSI, WISCONSIN TERRITORY, 1846.

MAY.

Who can e'er the works of Nature trace,
As time rolls on and keeps a measured pace,
And mark the changing seasons as they bring
From Winter's blast the vernal flowers of Spring,
And still deny the kind parental hand
That gives the rose its blush and life to man?
Oh! would some poet's song, in tuneful lay,
With truth sublime could paint the scenes of May,
As on the wild romantic shores of Grant
The whippoorwill renews his evening chant;
The hooting owl with laughter shakes his sides
And discord makes with all the feathered tribes;
The pheasant, too, more modest in her way,
Resumes her seat, to hail the coming day;
Where all unite and give one hearty cheer
To welcome May, the choice of all the year.

POTOSI, WISCONSIN TERRITORY, 1846.

“COME TO THE BLOOMING WEST, MOTHER.”

COME to the blooming West, mother,
Bright scenes await thee here,
And kindred hearts are waiting now
Thy bosom for to cheer.

Oh, leave that gloomy barren waste —
A brighter sky is here;
Though Autumn's leaves are yellow,
And Winter's winds are drear.

Come; Spring will give a brighter shade
To each field and leafless tree.
Oh, stay no longer there, mother;
We are waiting now for thee.

Come to the blooming West, mother;
Our Spring comes always first,
And the fairest flowers blossom here
That ever graced the earth.

Come, where new songs will greet thee
And where Nature's all sublime,
Where the stars above seem brighter
Than in that land of thine;

Where the birds make sweeter music,
And the sun more glorious shines;
Oh, come to our fair prairie land,
'Tis a better land than thine.

Come to the blooming West, mother,
If a happy land you'd know;
Where the hand of sore oppression
Never aimed the fatal blow.

Where the rich are like the poor,
And no better can they be;
Oh! come to our little paradise,
Where the heart is light and free.

Come to the blooming West, mother;
With thy presence I can bear
All the ills of life with pleasure,
And ease that brow of care.

Come; ere the Springs shall number
Sixty-one upon thy brow.
Come, a hearty welcome waits thee;
We are waiting for thee now.

WINTER.

RUDE Boreas pours a chilling blast,
Which binds with chains all Nature fast,
And wintry clouds, with snowy face,
Are gathering now with rapid pace.

The Frost King rules with icy hand
O'er scenes late swayed by Beauty's wand;
The flowers which graced the mountain side
With Autumn's leaves have drooped and died.

The birds of Summer have forsook
The clustering grove along the brook,
And naught is heard but Winter's howl,
Save, now and then, a hooting owl.

The naked trees, by Autumn rude,
Are doomed to months of solitude;
The pebbly brook that murmured low
Has almost stopped its gentle flow.

Hills, dales and fields, where Beauty stood,
Are dressed and mourn in widowhood;
The Sun no more, with living rays,
Pours gladness o'er the lengthened days;

But every faint, cold, feeble ray
Which strives to shine is chased away;
Like freaks of joy, which light the heart,
They come, but, oh! how soon depart.

Were Hope not present, with its cheer,
How dark would be the landscape drear!
Man fain would leave the scene and fly
To fairer land and brighter sky.

LANSING, IA., December 22, 1851.

SPRING.

WELCOME, Spring! fair queen of Earth,
And thanks to Him who gave thee birth,
When Heaven and Earth from darkness rose
And broke the long unknown repose.
What richer boon could e'er be given
To Earth than Spring — fair chart of Heaven?
What purer fount of thought to man
Could e'er have graced His glorious plan?
What brighter hope of a goal sublime
Could measure the length and breadth of time? —
Or heal old Winter's deepest wounds,
And rear sweet flowers from earthly tombs;
Cheer up the drowsy, leafless trees,
Unchain the rivers and swell the seas;
Bid wintry winds to leave the shore
They've wrought such ruin o'er and o'er,
And with one touch of magic hand
Strew flowers where Death o'erspread the land;
Renew the dreary, dark creation,
With life and mirth, and vegetation?

Oh, naught, save modest maiden May,
That dances o'er the milky way,
With finger soft to paint the flower,
As she sits a queen in her sylvan bower.

Queen of the heart, queen of the year,
 Queen of the whole terrestrial sphere —
 Could gladden Earth with a silken tress
 And cover her forms with a smiling dress;
 Tune Nature's harp, that all may sing:
 Welcome flowers, welcome Spring.

O birthtime of thought, enchantment divine,
 If the heart was e'er glad, 'tis bowed at thy shrine;
 If the mind was e'er free from the turmoils of life
 That weary the brain with the spirit of strife,
 'Tis at sober eve, when queenly May,
 Like a blushing maid, in a modest way,
 Draws misty curtains around her bed
 And seeks repose; while the nightly tread
 Of sister spirits to whom 'tis given
 To sprinkle the earth with the dew of Heaven,
 When the Moon, joint traveler — own sister by
 birth —

Reflects borrowed light o'er the stillness of earth.
 The mind is enraptured; thought flies from its own
 To mystical regions, unfathomed, unknown,
 And feasts on the grandeur till wrecked on the sea
 Of a boundless, unmeasured immensity,
 And returns to its dome, like the loaded bee,
 Drunk with Heaven's sublimity;
 And viewing the desolate ruins of May,
 Exclaims: Oh, life is too short a day!

NEW LEBANON, ILL., March 20, 1851.

MINNESOTA.

MINNESOTA, ermine daughter,
 Fairest face on earth, I ween,
Rumor says you're out a-wooing,
 Ere you've reached your girlish teens.
Greatest wonder of all wonders,
 News more strange than this we hear;
Uncle Sam says our sweet Minne's
 Bound to grace a higher sphere.
Gracious heavens! what's the meaning?
 Men half puzzled, women vexed,
While Mrs. Partington is dreaming,
 Winking, squinting, through her specs;
O'er she turns the latest paper,
 Reads about the mighty West.
Two hundred thousand! gracious! gracious!
 Heaven only knows what's best!
For Minne's got two hundred thousand
 Full grown babies at her breast;
And they're healthy, happy babies,
 Rosy cheeked, with laughing eye,
Gathering wealth from Minne's bosom,
 'Neath a smiling Western sky;
And upon her rich prairies,
 Where living springs of water pour,

Our Minne has got room for nursing
Twice as many babies more ;
And in her lap there's wealth and glory,
And Uncle Sam has promised more
If she'll join the Federal Union,
Pledge herself for evermore
To sustain the mighty fabric
Upon which our freedom rests.
Then welcome, Minne, fairest daughter,
Brightest star that gilds the West !

BROWNSVILLE, MINNESOTA, 1856.

[Written for *The Western Progress*.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO WILD CAT BLUFF *
AND HER KINDRED HILLS.

O ROCK-RIBBED hills, could you rehearse
Your history in simple verse,
Your stories of the olden time
Might furnish food for thoughts sublime.
Eternal monuments of old!

Stern witnesses of ages past!
How long have you stood sentinels
In Summer's sun and Winter's blast?

Your lofty peaks, all bald with years,
Point heavenward, where hopes and fears
Are set at rest. The depths below
The mysteries give of long ago.

O mighty hills, I pray you say
How many summer suns are past?
How oft the flowers have died away,
Chilled by the howling Autumn blast?

How many lifeless forms at rest,
With green grass growing on each breast?
How many, many graves grown cold,
Containing secrets never told?

* Wild Cat Bluff is next to the highest point on the Upper Mississippi River.

How many wild and thrilling scenes
 Upon your heights have taken place?
 How many sweet poetic dreams
 Have found a birthplace at your base?

And Wild Cat Bluff, above the rest,
 I see your tall and snowy crest,
 While you keep by the river side
 God's record of the time and tide.
 I love your dreamy, silent way,
 I love your solitude to share;
 And had life but one hopeful day,
 I'd climb your heights and spend it there.

1858.

GROWING OLD.

Go, ask the crumbling hills,
Where ancient rivers rolled :
Who wrote upon their brows,
“ The world is growing old.”

Ask mountains and the deep
How long they've hid their gold,
And Ocean murmurs deep :
Our secrets can't be told.

Ask when the Grecian walls
Were set in earthly mould,
And ages answer back :
The pages are too old.

Ask what changes rent
Old temples wrought with gold,
And scars of countless years
Say, time has grown too old.

Then ask the mighty streams
Which gambol to the sea,
How long they've seaward rolled —
No answer comes to me.

But Nature teaches all
What Heaven hath foretold,
That all that's born of earth
Must wither and grow old.

1863.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

TOWANDA, Towanda, sweet home of my childhood,
Kind Memory still points to the log-cabin door,
Which stands on your bank, 'neath the shade of
that old buttonwood,
Where we laughed and sang together in the days of
yore.
That rough, rude, homely cottage! Oh, I never can
forget
'Twas the home of all my childish dreams so fresh
in memory yet;
And when its sacred walls decay, and Time its
mossy finger sets
Her finale on that relic gray, oh, kindred thought
will linger yet,
And o'er the ruins drop a tear;
For the dust of my father sleepeth here.
No sculptured marble rears its head, nor slab nor
stone reveals the name,
Though far less brilliant lights than he are placed
upon the list of fame.
Here, Dartmouth, lies your honored son,
Without an epitaph or stone;
Whose pen (fair Science's proud to own)
Now lights the classic page of lore,

A living monument to him who sleeps upon
Towanda's shore.
O fading scenes of youth and age,
The mingled cup of joy and pain,
I have felt both, and fain would be
A free and happy child again!
Ay, happy 'mid the festive scenes
Of school-boy days this heart would be,
As when we sang, all jubilant,
And danced around the buttonwood tree;
Where, o'er the meadow, on the sunny hillside,
We dreamed of happier days in store,
Where the blessings of Heaven crowned every head
In the old log-house on Towanda's shore.
There we used to sit at the festal board,
With the loved ones of that mountain land,
And mingle our songs of childish glee,
Then all join hands round the buttonwood tree.
Thrice happy days of early life, the brightest index
of the past,
Oases 'mid Sahara's waste,
Lone verdant leaf on life's yellow tree;
Like a golden sheen your rainbow tints
Reflect their light o'er the misty sea.
As the faithful compass guides the bark,
Till wrecked upon some foreign sea,
I'll mind thee, still, my childhood's home,
The old log-house, 'neath the buttonwood tree.

BROWNSVILLE, MINN., December, 1858.

'TIS NOT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

'Tis not a hundred years ago that Freedom's star
 arose,
To teach the haughty tyrants that right and wrong
 are foes,
That Earth is God's own footstool, and Eve our
 common mother,
And men were ne'er created here to trample on
 each other;

That all are pressed upon the tide, with power to
 rise or fall,
And breathe the air of freedom that Heaven de-
 signed for all;
But an honest man should never bow to kings that
 lord the soil,
For they are only tenants here, in common with us
 all.

'Tis not a hundred years ago that Virtue frowned
 on Vice,
But now they flirt together and Justice has her
 price;
And the man who will not shout and sing the
 follies of to-day
Is not the man of the period, and his name must
 pass away.

There was a time when States, like stars, had power
of their own,
And all revolved in harmony around one centre sun,
But the Union ties were broken and we drifted out
to sea,
And never will return again till the good old States
are free.

'Tis not a hundred years ago that white men ruled
the land,
But now the shades are darker and some are black
and tanned;
But the people are all wiser and presidents are
bigger,
And the white man now must clear the way for the
reconstructed "nigger."

There was a time when monuments were never
reared to shame,
When Washington and Jefferson were on the list
of fame,
But men have lowered the standard since statesmen
passed away,
And who can see through coming years our coun-
try's destiny?

OLD PLYMOUTH ROCK TWO HUNDRED
YEARS AND MORE AGO.

THE Hand that moves through time and space,
As centuries go marching through,
Unveiled the land that Heaven blessed,
Two hundred years and more ago.

And honored sons of other climes
With noble hearts that knew no fear,
Turned seaward from their native homes
To plant eternal freedom here.

They hovered 'round Old Plymouth Rock,
Historic place, to memory dear,
And praised the Hand that smoothed the waves,
And the ship that brought them safely here.

When gathered round their festal board
They talked of scenes of other days,
While Nature, in her laughing way,
Sang sweet to the merry dancing waves.

'Twas here the germs of freedom sprung,
 'Twas here the Nation's life begun, —
 Oh, land of generations great,
 Which gave the world a Washington.

Then hail, Virginia! sacred spot,
 The land where memories brighter grow;
 The name of Washington will live
 As long as ages come and go.

HOW WELL DO I REMEMBER.

How well do I remember
The quiet, homely spot,
The mountain and the river,
My own dear father's cot; .
The sighing winds of Autumn,
The smiles of early morn,
The hopeful days of boyhood,
The spot where I was born.

The whispering pines and evergreens,
Beside the waterfall,
Which shaded us in childhood,
Are dear to memory, all.
The winding path, the meadow,
The grave beside the hill —
Oh, the happy playground of my youth,
I love your memory still.

I love your hills and valleys,
The river's gentle flow,
The beech and the maple woodland,
And the days of long ago;
But the dearest spot on earth to me
Is down by the shady nook
Where the cottage of my father stood
By the side of the mountain brook.

May Heaven guard the dear old spot,
And Memory oft recall
The cherished scenes of childhood,
Which linger one and all,
Like the fading rays of sunset
In that far-off mountain land,
Where sleep beneath the waving pines
The loved of our kindred band.

Oh! gently wave the evergreens,
Play softly with the breeze,
And Earth keep holy silence
While Autumn's withered leaves
Fall lightly as the snowflakes,
While Nature's fond embrace
Entombs the faded emblems
O'er that consecrated place.

THE RUINED HOME.

I

IN front of my dear old home,
From the branch of an aged tree,
The voice of a happy bird
Wakes memories dear to me.

II

Thoughts of all I have loved
In the years that have gone before
Come back like the restless waves
That break on the ocean shore.

III

Now the tree is seamed with years
And its boughs begin to fall;
Its leaves are scattered and dead,
And such is the fate of all.

IV

And voices long stilled by death
Now come from beyond the sea,
To call me away from my cares to-day
When the leaves were full on the tree.

V

Ah, Time! thou hast made us all
To struggle against the tide.
How long must I stay ere I drift away
To the peace of the other side?

VI

I turn from my ruined home,
I turn from the aged tree,
And I muse alone, for the bird has flown,
But the memories dwell with me.

CHRISTMAS GIFT TO HIS WIFE, GERALDINE.

Oh, Geraldine, when first we met, to link our fate
together,
We signed and sealed a solemn vow that none on
earth should sever;
And thus we've journeyed, hand in hand, full twenty
years or more,
And side by side we'll struggle on until our jour-
ney's o'er.

We'll cast no ling'ring look behind, or breathe a
fruitless sigh;
Together clinging we shall moor all safely by and
by.
Then welcome smiles of other days, sweet mem'ries
of the past,
But bury deep the bitter part which chills like
Autumn's blast.

Oh, banish all the checkered page which brings to
us regret,
That we may oft renew the pledge, so fresh in mem-
ory yet;
And give us cheer to glide along; 'twill smooth
life's ruffled sea;
The "land of leal" has rest for all, and home for
you and me.

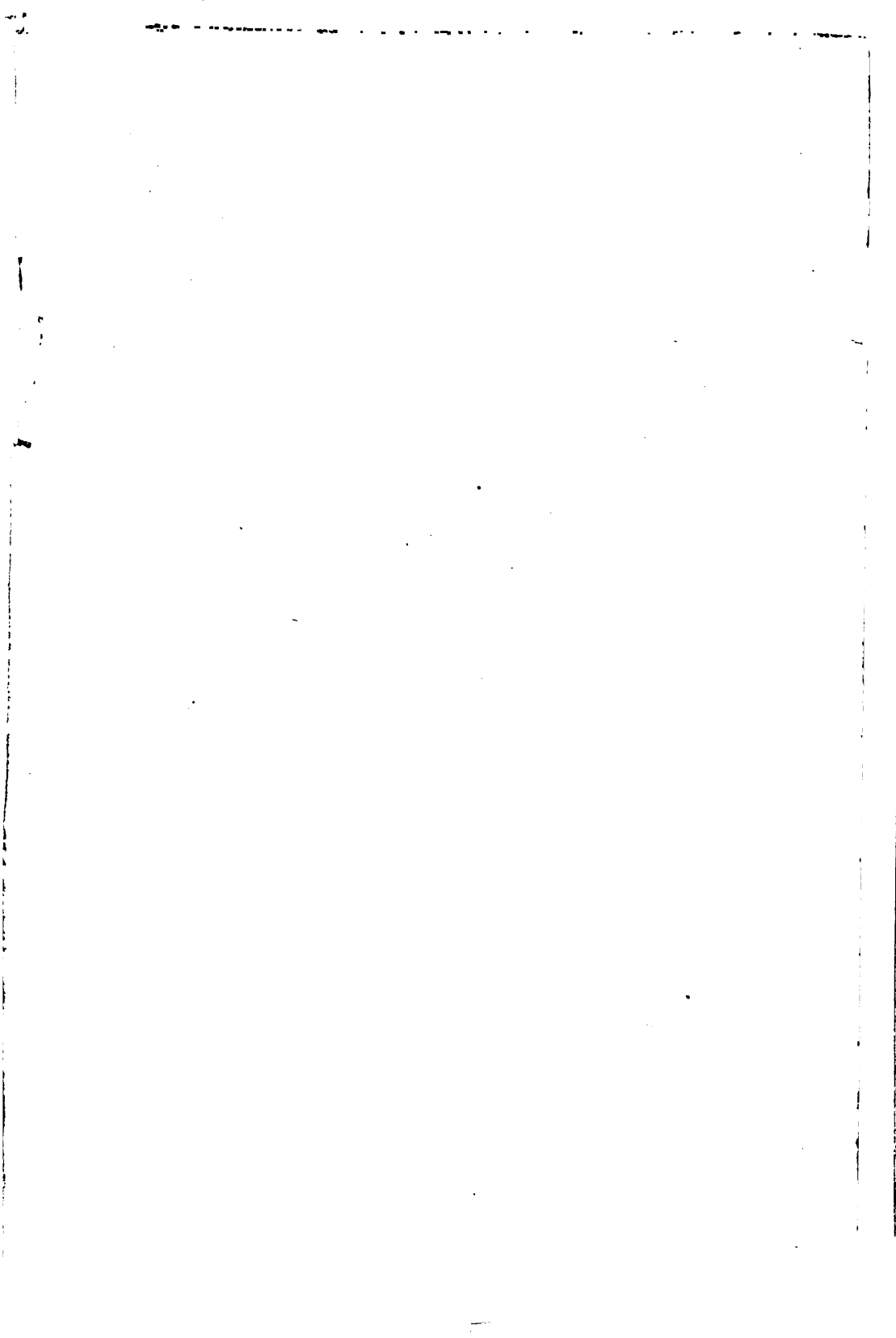
BROWNSVILLE, MINNESOTA, 1868.

NEW YORK
LIBRARY
OF THE
FEDERAL RESERVE
SYSTEM
WASHINGTON, D.C.
20540



O. W. STREETER.

Taken in 1895.



SHALL IRELAND BE FREE?

The following poem, which first appeared in the *Western Progress*, a paper printed and published at Brownsville, Minn., in 1870, and subsequently selected and read by Governor Austin, at the conclusion of his speech delivered in the city of St. Paul, on St. Patrick's Day, the seventeenth day of March, 1870, and published in the St. Paul *Daily Dispatch* of the same date as a part of the same, is from the pen of O. W. Streeter. — E. D. COMER.

TYRANTS and fools inherit thrones
From accidental birth,
And wield their ill-begotten power
O'er millions on God's earth,
Oppress the weak of every clime
And starve the poor at home,
But write of Christian charity
Beneath some gilded dome.

They shout that Britain rules the wave
And lords it o'er the sea;
They sing the song they've sung so long
Of British liberty!
When there, in sight of Britain's throne,
Lies, circled by the sea,
Poor Ireland, whose noble sons
Are struggling to be free.

On, battle on, your cause is just ;
No longer bow the knee ;
In God and Heaven put your trust,
And Ireland shall be free !
Then touch the Irish harp once more,
And swell your native strain,
And wake the shackled millions up
To Freedom's cause again ;
'Twill move the Irish heart to shout
With songs of ancient glee,
And Britain shall no longer rule
That Eden of the sea.

Sweet vale where Shannon rolls to kiss
The tide on Erin's shore,
Your scenes are dear to Irish heart
As in the days of yore.
Take cheer, O Erin's noble sons !
Like brothers we will stand,
Until the shamrock proudly waves
O'er all our native land.
Then gather round the sea-born isle,
The home of patriot sires,
So dear to every exiled son
Whom Freedom's love inspires.
We ne'er shall rest till o'er that vale
Encircled by the sea,
Like Stars and Stripes, the shamrock waves,
An emblem of the free.

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO THE BODY.

COMPANION, kindred, earthly shade,
Joint heir of all which grieves the heart,
We met when Heaven smiled on both,
Linked Hope with Fate to live and part ;
'Twas long before the infant smiled,
Or mother pressed her darling child.
E'en Eden's beauty was divine
When life immortal breathed in thine.

And on through mists of changing years
We've shared each other's smiles and tears,
Till cheeks, like roses once in bloom,
Wear faded blossoms for the tomb.
But like two withered buds still cling,
Too old to blush on earth again.
The crimson streams that warm the heart
Move cold and slow through every part,
And soon, too soon, they'll cease to flow,
And mingle, dust with dust, below.

And days and years are freely given,
Yet thousands miss the way to Heaven.

But, lo! when thought conceived the plan
Of giving years of life to man,

Strange parts combined to form the whole,
And man became a living soul.
But endless conflicts rose within,
And Saint became the Child of Sin;
But not from choice or power his own,
For naught but good on Earth was known,
And Evil had no birth or brood,
For God pronounced His work all good.

Suppose that Eve, when life begun
Had not been told the tree to shun,
Would she have dragged poor Adam 'round
Until the fatal spot was found?
If so, sin came with Adam's birth,
Commissioned here to scourge the earth:
And how in this appointed hour
Could man resist the greater power?

Unhappy Eden! wretched place,
To risk the hopes of all our race,
In such a wicked place as this
Where devils lurk and serpents hiss.

But all such speculative thought
Is more or less with mischief fraught,
And all our feeble efforts here
Should keep within their mortal sphere —
For Man can never comprehend
His own Creation, Being, End;

But hope and promise of to-day
Sheds light beyond antiquity,
And all the discord here and there
Is harmonized with Faith and Prayer.

So let it be with you and me,
Till Time unfolds our destiny:
And as we've marched with Time together,
Oft contending with each other,
In peace I trust we'll reach the shore
Where millions rest who've gone before;
For now I feel the time draws near
When we must drop the parting tear.

Poor, aged, careworn tent of clay,
Too frail to last another day,
Farewell! The time has come to part.
To dust return, for dust thou art,
And whatsoe'er your fate may be,
The future will reveal to me.

THE FALL OF MAN.

WHEN slumbering Nature woke and light from
darkness sprung,
And worlds began their race to circle round the
sun,
God planted Eden east, with trees and flowers rare,
And when the work was done He placed His chil-
dren there.
But 'mong the garden trees two were fair and rife —
One had poison fruit, the other germs of life.
Here Eve and Adam walked, two happy souls in
one,
Among the garden trees where destiny was hung,
Till shades of night grew dim, where golden
shadows fall
Around the chosen spot where two did eat for all.
And when they'd tasted fruit from every tree but
one,
The Serpent smiled and said, "The fairest you have
shunned."
But Eve rebuked the wretch with quick and firm
reply,
"God said if we do eat, that we must surely die."
To which the Serpent said, "Go count the grains
of sand

And you shall know a life in Eden's holy land;
And if you'd like to share the glory here with me,
Go eat the golden fruit and you shall know and see.
For long I've reigned supreme, and all that's here
is mine;

I taught the trees to bloom, the sun on worlds to
shine;

I fashioned all the flowers that lend their beauty
sweet;

And all that blossoms here was made for us to eat.
My power extends on earth to every land and sea,
And brooks leap out of bed to sing their songs to
me.

The forest humbly bows, and waves that kiss the
shore

All shout to my domain, and echo sings it o'er.
But what's a life to man if linked to cruel fate?
Or wisdom, shunned by all, when ignorance is
great?"

Then Adam said to Eve, "O'er all this land and
sea

No power hath He given except to you and me;
And whence the Evil One that lurks beneath a
smile,

To rob our Eden home and innocence beguile?
Who talks of other worlds which some will never
see,

Where time and space are full of God's immensity;
And worlds have never ceased to whirl in endless
space

In harmony with time, the cosmos and with space.
He shouts his rebel songs beneath the holy shade,
And reads from ancient books that worlds were
never made ;

Talks of other lands, with brighter sun and sky,
Where he was chief of saints and next to God on
high ;

He claims the power above to rule the world below,
And all who follow him the mystery shall know ;
But when from dust we came and two made only
one,

There was no discord here — no evil had been
done.

You smile with heavenly grace to hear that Evil One
Who seeks by art and words to drive us from our
home ;

When all that grows on earth was blessed for you
and me,

Except the mystic fruit which grows on yonder tree.
Oh, let the evil pass and keep the good command,
And we shall live in peace in Eden's holy land."
But pure and modest Eve had more desires than
one

And often walked alone to view the garden home ;
Where o'er the flowery vale no object met her eyes
So fair as Eden's tree, that blossomed in disguise.
And ere the gentle dew had reared the drooping
flowers,

Good Adam and his wife were playing 'mong the
bowers,

And when beneath the tree that waved its fruit so
fair,
Eve smiled and said to him, "How beautiful they
are!
But how came good and ill to have one mother
tree,
And wisdom hidden here from you as well as me?"
Then sparkling eyes grew bright as from the bend-
ing limb
She plucked the fairest fruit and ate and gave to
him.
When both had touched and eaten, they knew and
were afraid,
And hid themselves away in Eden's deepest shade.
And while they sought for peace and pardon on
their knees,
They heard a voice they knew among the garden
trees.
'Twas God, who gave them power o'er every beast
and bird,
Calling Adam home, who trembled when he heard
That man was doomed to die; no future promise
given;
That Paradise was lost, and dark the way to Heaven.
Then all were gathered home and stood there face
to face —
Eve, Adam and the Imp — the worst of all the race.
The Serpent made his bow, but sentence on him
passed,
Our Mother Eve confessed and Adam was the last.

'Twas in that darkest hour poor Adam rose to tell
The story of his wrongs, for loving Eve too well.
But out of Eden's bower He turned them one and
all,
And closed that golden gate, because of Adam's
fall.
And ages have grown old since o'er the ancient
wall
A star rose in the East to light the way for all;
And may it never set till all shall love and see
The Paradise of God, where time's eternity.

SUPERIOR, WIS., 1892.

SONG OF THE CREOLE MAID.

I LONG to breathe the air again
That floats so soft and free
Among the fragrant orange groves
Which often sheltered me.

Where memories treasured long ago
Have lived to know us free,
And father's dear old cottage home
Looks out upon the sea.

Where pebbles shine beneath the waves
Which break upon the shore;
And memory brightens as it turns
Its pages o'er and o'er.

I long to hear the Creole's song —
It hath a sweeter strain,
That fills the hearts of dark-eyed maids
With thoughts of home again.

O land of flowers and everglades,
I long to dwell with thee;
Fair queen of all God's fruitful lands,
And Edens of the sea!

How oft I've trod your sacred halls,
Where saints and sisters dwell,
And wear to-day the cross they bear,
Inscribed to thee — Farewell!

Where Nature weaves no icy chains
To hush the murmuring streams,
Or sighing winds of Northern climes
Disturb our happy dreams.

But where the vine-clad hummocks rise
I'd breathe the air now free,
For all my fondest hopes still live,
Sweet land of flowers, in thee.

And though an exile from my home,
A voice still calls to me:
Come back, come back, my Creole child,
To the cottage by the sea.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE IN SMALL
EVENTS.

THERE'S something strange in small events,
Which rear to public fame
The man who ne'er had common sense,
Or even an honest name ;
But fortune seems a stepping-stone
For public thieves to climb,
With meek and hungry followers,
Who worship at their shrine.

And thus the world is dashing on,
And whether right or wrong,
The accidental knave or fool
Is sure to wear the crown ;
He never wants for capital,
For in his comely face
The world beholds the perfect man
Of impudence and grace ;
And whether life is rough or smooth,
'Tis all the same to Si,
For when he plays the deuce to win
He holds the ace for high.

They'll cheat the poor and give the rich,
And go to church and sing,
And look as innocent as saints
Who never stole a thing.
They're always liberal when it pays,
But seldom give the poor ;
And thousands who go begging bread
Turn empty from their door.
They've always something cheap to say
About their fellow man,
For nothing good could emanate
From such a wicked clan.

They're grouped at every corner place,
On every public street,
And poke their ugly nose and face
At every one they meet.
If ladies chance to pass that way,
The roughs are always there
To greet them with a loathsome grin
And low, insulting stare.
Thus modern gents forget the debt
They owe to human kind,
And must forget their mothers were
All women, good and kind.

And here's a moral in these lines,
A lesson good and true :
Just do to others as you would
Have others do to you.

TO HIS BRIDGET IN THE STATES.

I've traveled over all the States,
And Territories, too,
But haven't seen a single one
Who looked a bit like you ;
And if by chance I make a raise,
I know what I will do —
Just keep the little wires hot
'Till Jasper sends you through.

The diggings here have petered out,
And things are very blue,
But gold is plenty in the hills
If half I hear is true ;
And Jim has just come down from there
And put me in a stew,
To pack my mule with tent and traps
And go for something new.

Perhaps I'd better wait awhile,
For all may not be true,
And if I do conclude to go,
Just telegraph to you.

I haven't made but little yet,
Except my board and clothes,
And every day my eyes stick out
To see how money goes.

I thought I'd get an office here,
Or I should never come;
But found the people all as sharp
As we have got at home.
There's now and then a lucky chap
Who cuts an awful swell —
Comes in to crowd another out
And pulls the wires well.

But I hain't got the yellow stuff
Or quite the face to win,
And think I'd better give it up
And let the rest pitch in.
They tell me when we're naturalized
We're just as good out here
As those who have been scratching 'round
For ten or twenty years.

But I'll not mind these little jokes;
I'll hoe my row clean through,
And if I strike a golden streak,
I'll send a train for you.

DON'T TAKE SALLIE AWAY!

Now, Joe, you can come when you please,
You'll always be welcome to stay,
If you don't whisper lies in her ears
And try to get Sallie away.

She's all that dear Heaven has left,
Save memories which brighten to-day;
Then, come, and go home when you please,
But Sallie shall never go 'way.

She's a picture of womanly love,
That never stepped out of the way;
Her heart is as warm as the sun
And pure as a heavenly ray.

She cards and spins all the wool,
And plays with the shuttle and loom;
And Nature has painted her cheeks
As fair as the roses of June.

Her dress is the linsey she weaves,
With everyday shoes on her feet;
And when she gets ready for church
She always looks handsome and neat.

She's always contented at home,
But life has no lease for a day;
So, come, and go home when you please,
But Sallie shall never go 'way.

She's all the fair copy on earth,
Save one that hangs over the loom,
Of Nancy, whose memory we love,
Around the old family home.

Then, come, whenever you please,
If you and the girl can agree,
And have a good part of the land,
To look after Sallie and me.

Says Joe: You will surely be blessed
For making us happy to-day;
And here is the pledge of my word
That Sallie shall never go 'way.

Then doors opened wide to the hall,
And Justice, with papers in hand,
Said: Joe, do you promise to wed?—
Yes, 'Squire, with the houses and land.

Now Joe says that Earth is all Eden,
With clover knee-deep all the way;
That he loves the old farm and his Sallie,
And never intends to go 'way.

KATE'S BOOBY-BOO.

BOOBY :

“JAUNTING little feet
Too small for number two ;
Eyes black as jet,
And pretty ankles, too :
Romping in the clover,
Among the shady trees,
Just a pretty size
To make a man a squeeze.”

KATE :

“Hold your silly tongue,
You great booby-boo !
Think that I would say a word
To such a fool as you ?
With fingers long as pot hooks,
Nose and eyes askew,
Legs small as pipe stems,
And then you stutter, too.”

BOOBY :

“You make such little tracks
When you flirt upon the walk,
And your happy little tongue —
How it flatters when you talk.

And Pattie says she knows
You are eighteen to-day;
Now tell, you little rogue,
What you really want to say."

KATE:

"I want to have you leave us,
And call another day,
While we celebrate our childhood
Around the Queen of May.
For love will die of hunger
Amid the desert plain,
And hearts which have been frozen
Can never love again."

BOOBY:

"Oh, Katy, don't be cruel,
I've love enough for two.
And a cottage by the river
All fitted up for you.
It matters not how dark the face
Is shaded by the sun,
And brawny fingers only show
What honest toil has done.

"'Tis toiling sons who've made us great
O'er every land and sea,
And they were first to raise their arms
To make our country free,

Then never scorn the farmers' boys,
They're sovereigns of the land;
And here is one who offers you
An honest heart and hand."

KATE:

"Well, Jake, if father don't object,
I'll give the same to you."

Now, Kate is happy in her cot,
And so is Booby-boo.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

'Twas a beautiful eve, and November had strewn
The earth with her withered and dead,
And a sorrowful look covered mountain and brook,
For Springtime and Summer had fled.

And a feeling of sadness, embittered with years,
That none but the hearts which feel know,
Came gliding along, like a wreck of the storm,
Through scenes where I passed long ago.

And I heard in the distance a voice which I knew
Saying, "Stay there no longer alone;
For hearts that once mingled with kindred below
Are waiting to welcome you home."

In silence I stood on the border of time,
And wondered if this were a dream;
When I heard voices sweet the story repeat,
As I stood on the bank of the stream.

And I turned toward the spot where the echo still
rung,
For it seemed like a heavenly strain;
And I saw the loved forms that warbled so sweet,
All happy with childhood again.

But the heart was too full to utter its joy,
Like the stream when it leaps from its bed,
As I stood face to face with the loved ones at home,
That I'd thought were all missing or dead.

And we talked of our meeting, of childhood, of
home,
Of the happy days coming and gone,
Till the curtain was dropped betwixt Heaven and
me;
And again I must journey alone.

Waverley Magazine, February 10, 1879.

“MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.”

It may seem strange that such as I
Should differ from a source so high,
But still I deem the act no crime,
And with my common homespun rhyme
Will venture, though it spoil my song,
To say that Bob was in the wrong.

When themes like this great minds control,
What compass guides the weary soul?
Hope cannot penetrate the gloom
Or lend one cheer to light the tomb;
God's inspiration could no credence find,
For all is lost and reason goes it blind.

When time began its record here
Of all the human race,
Two happier souls were never born
Than those who fell from grace;
They laughed and sang in Eden's bowers,
At eve and early morn,
But never dreamed in Paradise
That man was made to mourn.

'Twas here when all was beautiful
And Eden was in bloom,
That Eve and Adam courted
And spent their honeymoon.
They were the first celestials
That ever came to earth;
And only distant relatives
That had no mortal birth.

'Tis true that Adam slipped and fell
For trusting Eve, he loved so well;
But was there no injunction made
For man to choose the better part,
No faculty of mind or soul
To reason with the crying heart?

I answer, "Yes, that secret power
Whose inspiration moves us all
Knows best the miseries of man
Are subject to His own control."

Then surely Rob did take this flight,
When fancy erred with all its might,
For reason could na been his guide
When thus he sung and did decide
That man is doomed, or ever was,
To mourn through life without a cause.

WHY DO YOU CALL ME OLD?

THE soul is as young and as fair to-day
As it was when it entered this temple of clay,
And the countless ages which time has spun
Are only dots, for the years are one.

The soul may grow weary and restless here,
Dreaming of life in that beautiful sphere
Where boundless creations His wisdom unfold,
But eternity's pages have never grown old.

Then call me not aged, where life is divine,
For worlds keep no record, neither does time;
And life that is flowing from fountain to soul
Is eternal, and how can it ever grow old?

But the crumbling old tents, all wrinkled and gray,
With halls all deserted, must yield to decay;
And the dust ever sacred in turn made to yield
Old clay to remould, in the old Potter's field.

No power that's mortal can ever control
The laws of our being, for God is the soul;
And hearts which love truly are pure and as free
As the ruffles that whiten the waves of the sea.

And ages unnumbered His truth has foretold
That life is immortal and never grows old;
Then cheer up, my friend, like brothers we'll stand,
To meet as we part; so give me your hand.

CALEDONIA, MINN., July 27, 1884.

MY OLD DOG, "NED."

No more will he follow the coveys
Through stubble and sweet scented corn,
Or wake at the call of the hunter
When he sounds the whistle or horn.

No more will he circle the prairies
In mid-Summer, Autumn or Spring,
To find a lone bird or a covey,
For the hunter to shoot on the wing.

No more through the highlands and valleys,
Where oft he grew weary and sore,
While hunting the grouse and the pheasant,
Will he ever be heard any more.

For he sleeps like a veteran and soldier,
With a name that is free from a blot,
And will live in the mem'ry of hundreds
When millions of men are forgot.

More gifted and true to his calling
Than half of the world of mankind,
He never betrayed real friendship,
But always was truthful and kind.

But he's dead, and we buried him kindly
Where flowers bend over his tomb,
And he's gone to a boundless prairie
Where the dogs will all have a home.

THE LEAVES ARE FALLING.

One by one the faded leaves,
Like whirling flakes that winters sow,
Are dropping here and dropping there —
Thus generations come and go.

One by one the faded leaves
That, homeless, drift with wind and rain
Have left the poor old mother oaks
To mourn till Springtime comes again.

One by one the faded leaves,
Which looked so fair and bright in May,
Have passed from fluttering days of youth
To Autumn's sober, dreamy way.

One by one we come and go,
Like leaves, that serve their time and fall,
No matter whether high or low,
For Nature's God is God of all.

BE KIND TO ALL.

WHY should men ever wrangle here
And strive to wrong each other,
When God hath said that we should love
Our neighbor as our brother?

Why should they lord it o'er the earth,
When thousands have no bread,
And tramp beneath their wicked feet
The memories of the dead?

They wield their ill-begotten power
Against their fellow man,
When all have been provided for
By one parental hand.

Why claim that some are chosen here
To rise when others fall,
When Adam did his very best,
But Satan got us all?

Then all who have no higher aim
Than wealth and rogues to honor,
Beware! for Justice has an eye
On every hole and corner.

WASHINGTON, October, 1885.

OUR NATIONAL MONUMENT.

OH, sacred dome, where freedom clings,
And nations bow as well as kings,
When worlds grow old and history gray,
And monuments have passed away,
The sons of freedom yet unborn
Will shout the name of Washington.

And temples reared to kiss the sky,
Where living memories never die,
Are only miraged shades of thought
That freedom has so dearly bought.
And while that grand historic wall
May answer nations when they call,
'Twill ne'er divert that human sea
Who love the dust that made us free.

And onward, with the march of time,
The world will worship at the shrine
Where liberty was born to bloom,
And shed its lustre o'er the tomb
Of our immortal Washington.

MEMORIES DEAR TO ME.

WHERE the floods of countless ages
Have been turning o'er and o'er
The golden sands that glitter
From the mountain to the shore;

O'er the sea-washed hills and valleys,
Where Nature hides her gold,
With the secrets of eternal years
That never can be told.

Where the ragged old Sierras,
With towering peaks of snow,
Look down like mountain monarchs
On the smiling vales below.

And wave meets kindred wave,
As it rolls from shore to shore,
To kiss and part, and mingle
With the millions gone before.

Where the father of all rivers
That goes singing to the sea,
With the little brooks which feed it,
Have their memories dear to me.

There thoughts and dreams still linger,
Up and down the little stream,
Where I met and learned to love her —
My little Geraldine.

Near the banks of that same river
And the streams which ever flow,
We have lived and are still living
Since those days of long ago.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August, 1885.

DEADWOOD GULCH.

HISTORIC gulch, by ages washed
With mountain streams, freighted with gold
From where God's richest treasures lay,
Whose secrets time has never told:

I love your sober, thoughtful heights,
The pines that hug the mountain side;
I love the click of the miner's pick,
That echoes through your valleys wide.

I love the solitude that reigns
Where Nature sings her music sweet;
I love the frowning rock-ribbed hills,
And brooks which murmur at their feet.

I love to breathe the mountain air
That gently whispers 'mong your pines;
Love all your wild and thrilling scenes,
That wake in memory youthful dreams.

DEADWOOD, D. T., May, 1886.

OUR WILLIE IS COMING HOME.

[THE AUTHOR'S SON.]

OH, Willie! we've watched and we've waited
To welcome you back to the spot
Where the scenes of your boyhood still linger,
With memories never forgot.

Where rivers as pure as the Lethe
Flow smoothly on every side,
And trout brooks are lost in the race
With waters which flow to the tide.

Where the prairies are dotted with mounds,
Like the moles on a beautiful face,
And the valleys lock arms with the sea,
Where the rivers unite and embrace.

Where the deep-worn trails of the red man
Still wind through the niches and vales,
With secrets all buried forever
Where time never tells any tales.

Where the sickle of time has been reaping
In the fields of November and May,
Clipping the buds and the blossoms
As well as the old and the gray.

Where the new-made hillocks are shrouded
With waves of the drifting snow,
And Springtime has scattered its flowers
O'er the graves of many you know.

Where kindred are watching and waiting
With many old friends whom we know,
To welcome you back to the spot
Where you lived when a boy, long ago.

SHALL WE KNOW OUR FRIENDS AND
KINDRED THERE?

It cannot be that death destroys
The memory of all earthly ties,
That all discriminating power
Is lost forever in the grave;
That we shall never meet, and speak,
Beyond the silent, tented field,
And, knowing, press the kindred lips
And hands we've often pressed before;
That 'mong the happy millions there
No well-known voice will greet our ears;
And memory but a mortal part,
To keep our earthly record here.

Alas! such thoughts too oft invade
The minds of doubtful mortals here,
And shattered reason oft prevents
What truth and justice make so clear.

But Heaven clears the sky above us,
Binding memory to the soul;
Then how can that which is immortal
Perish here, without the whole?

Reason answers : Never, never;
Memory is the gift of God,
And through the everlasting ages
It will live beyond the sod.

CALEDONIA, MINN., March 14, 1887.

DONNELLY *VERSUS* INGERSOLL.

WHY can't the "Sage of Nininger"
Convert Bob Ingersoll?
Because he has not got the brain
And his shadow is too small.

Why can't the little Baconite,
Who gophers underground,
Show something more than he has shown,
To prove what he has found?

He's raked the bottom of the sea,
Turned pages o'er and o'er,
Found cities buried 'neath the wave,
And bards unknown before.

And now, mid Avon's classic fields,
Where Time's immortal son
Drank deep from living fountains,
For millions yet to come,

We find the Sage of Nininger,
On driving wheels of thought,
Exploring ancient wonders,
And ciphering with his oughts.

But who can give to Bacon
What Shakespeare wrote for all?
'Tis not the Sage of Nininger —
His shadow is too small.

And long as ages come and go,
And rivers kiss the sea,
His pages will grow brighter
Through all Eternity.

OUR CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

THE old log house has fallen down,
The place is old and bare,
There's nothing looks as it used to look
When our father's home was there.

The creeping vines and flowers are dead,
The spring has ceased to flow;
There is nothing left of the good old home
Of sixty years ago.

The apple trees have rotted down,
The fields look worn and gray,
And all we loved and cherished there
With the years have passed away.

The hills and vales look older now,
The streams move still and slow,
And time has wrecked the good old home
Of sixty years ago.

The towering peaks and mossy beds,
The deep-worn paths we knew,
The aged pines which overhung
The brooks that murmured through,
Are all as fresh in memory yet
As when the world looked new.

OUR MINNIE WILL NEVER RETURN.

OUR Minnie has gone, and we're drifting alone,
Like a storm-beaten wreck on the sea;
For the angels from Heaven rowed the boat away,
And our beautiful Minnie has gone.
And we're left like a shrub in the desert
To wither and die all alone;
For we've watched and waited on the evergreen
shore
For the boat that was spirited away.
But nothing is seen on the rock-bound coast,
Not a sail in sight on the sea
That will ever return that little boat,
Or my Minnie back to me.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 1, 1896.

DON'T FORGET THE MAINE.

AWAKE, ye sons of liberty,
Our country calls again,
Her flag has been insulted!
And don't forget the Maine.

'Tis thirty-seven years ago
We answered to the call,
And round the old familiar flag
We gathered, one and all.

Now Justice and Humanity
With Freedom call again;
Awake, ye sons of liberty,
And don't forget the Maine.

We'll shoulder arms and knapsacks,
With canteens by our side,
And off with the boys for Cuba,
Whatever fate betide.

But ne'er forget the fated spot
Where Justice calls in vain
For the Spanish wretch who planted death —
And don't forget the Maine.

While ages keep their records bright,
And memory does the same,
Our country never can forget
The history of the Maine.

SUPERIOR, WIS., May 1, 1898.



APPENDIX

[The following pages have been added to this interesting volume because of the historical value of the personal letters of Gen. James Shields to Judge Streeter, and to give the reading public a truthful account of the Battle of Winchester. As Judge Streeter participated in that famous contest-at-arms as a member of General Shields's staff, he is qualified in an exceptional degree to speak with authority concerning that engagement.

The sketch of the battle is followed by a tribute to the life and character of General Shields, written by Judge Streeter at the time of the transition of the hero-statesman. Next in order comes the series of letters written by General Shields to Judge Streeter from 1857 to 1879. These letters are interesting in the light of history, and prove that the ties of friendship, when once truly formed, are never broken by the flight of time, nor by separation in miles, nor by even so-called death. All of the following pages are published without change, obeying only the necessary rules of syntax. — Ed.]

A TRUE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

A TRUE statement of the Battle of Winchester, either from ignorance or prejudice, has never been given, as the writer, who was present, knows. The battle was fought about three-quarters of a mile south of the city of Winchester, in an old pasture on the west side of the Pike. The field was over a half mile long, divided in the centre by a ravine, with a grove of second growth of timber in the northwest corner. Here the two armies met, Shields on the north side of the ravine, Jackson on the south. The first stragetic move was made by Jackson, who attempted to flank Shields by getting possession of the grove, but was checked and driven back by Shields's artillery.

Then face to face the battle commenced and grew hotter and hotter, when Shields, fearing that his men might break ranks, rushed out where the balls were flying as thick as hailstones and swinging the Stars and Stripes cheered his soldiers, who closed in upon the enemy until Jackson fell back in retreat. In the meantime a shell had struck Shields and fractured his left arm, which he concealed with his cloak, but upon seeing Jackson's retreat, the loss of blood from the painful wound left him so weak that he had to be carried from the field.

After the great battle, Shields's headquarters were changed to New Market, Va., where he remained until ordered to the Rappahannock to reinforce McDowell, and on the very day that Shields left New Market, the writer left in a Government ambulance with dispatches for the War Department. Our journey from New Market to Winchester was harassed by the music of bullets, and finally we were met with bayonets at a crossing and the password demanded. Neither of us could give it, but asked for the commanding officer, who came to our relief; for, after presenting him with our budget, marked and directed to the "War Department, Shields's Division" (care of writer), we were given the password, told not to forget it again, and, with a fresh horse, were sent on our way rejoicing.

We reached Winchester about 6 A. M. Took passage on the old flat strap railroad, the only line between Winchester and Harper's Ferry. Unfortunately upon reaching Charleston, the little bumblebee train left the track and rolled down the bank about twenty feet, near the spot where John Brown was hanged. No one was hurt and the little bumblebee was soon replaced in good standing on the track. The little engine, puffing like a German at his pipe, made from five to six miles an hour for Harper's Ferry, where we arrived in due time, but too late for the Baltimore & Ohio train for Washington. We had to wait for the next train, but before it arrived, Banks's retreating army had reached the top of the hill above Harper's Ferry with Jackson close in his rear. Before the armies reached the bottom of the hill our train arrived and pulled

out; the losses in Banks's retreat were very large, but the number will never be known.

We reached Washington late, but in time to deliver our message to the War Department. The city was wild with excitement. Pennsylvania Avenue was crowded from the Capitol to the White House.

Every man, woman and child who could carry a gun was on the warpath, all looking for Jackson, expecting that he would continue his march from Harper's Ferry into Washington, which he could have done at that time with very little opposition.

General Shields had been promoted by President Lincoln from brigadier-general to major-general after his great victory over Stonewall Jackson at Winchester, and was waiting confirmation by the United States Senate. The writer was requested to look after the interests of General Shields on his arrival in Washington, which he did. Senator Rice, General Shields's Democratic friend from Minnesota, was sick and confined to his bed, and Morton S. Wilkinson, the Republican senator from Minnesota, the personal and political enemy of General Shields, was opposed to his confirmation. Under such an unfavorable outlook, the writer telegraphed for Gen. Shields, who arrived too late, for Wilkinson had planned his defeat. To compass his purpose, the Senate, on motion, went into executive session, where no defence can be made. The members were surprised when Shields's name came up for confirmation at the statement that the great general was crazy, which falsehood defeated his confirmation.

When President Lincoln learned that Shields was rejected on the ground of insanity, he said, "I would like to have a few more such crazy generals," and offered to reappoint Shields, feeling that the Senate would not reject him, for it had learned that the story was false and without the least foundation. The old general's feelings were hurt by his treatment by the Senate, after making such a brilliant record in the Mexican War, where he earned the rank of major-general, and defeating

Stonewall Jackson, the greatest general in the Southern army, so he tendered his resignation, but was not fully relieved from duty. This statement is made from the personal knowledge and experience of

O. W. STREETER.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE CLOSING SCENES IN THE LIFE OF GEN. JAMES SHIELDS.

IRISHMEN AND SOLDIERS, READ!

FEW Americans or adopted citizens of the United States have made a better record during the last half of the first century of our national existence, upon the battle field, or in the halls of Congress in behalf of the people, and in our cherished institutions, than Hon. James Shields.

His brilliant achievements at the battle of Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec during the Mexican War, where he was shot through near the region of the lungs, but survived after a silk handkerchief had been drawn through his body to remove the coagulated blood and open a passage, won for him the confidence and admiration of the American people. And it was this remarkable incident that brought his name so prominently before the public, and the great enthusiasm that greeted his return at the close of the war prompted the legislature of Illinois to present him with a valuable sword in behalf of the people of that State, and South Carolina, following the example of Illinois, presented him with another.

From the battle field and tent we follow his meandering trail to the Senate of the United States, where he was seated by the State of Illinois, and where the statesman and soldier again distinguished himself as an able defender of the Constitution of his adopted country and the rights of the people. In 1858 he was chosen to represent the State of Minnesota in the Senate of the United States, and was subsequently honored with the same position by the State of Missouri, making three States

that he represented in the Senate of the United States—a higher honor than has ever been conferred upon any other man, living or dead, and a prouder position in public life than to be President of the United States.

We find the soldier and statesman at the close of an eventful life, retired with his little family upon a small farm of eighty acres near Carrollton, Carroll County, Mo., worn out in the public service of his country, old and poor, and unlike many of the statesmen of modern times, who preach reform and retire with a fortune at the close of a single term, he had nothing left and acting upon the advice of friends, decided to apply to Congress for a place.

On his arrival at Washington he asked the Democratic House of Lords for the position of doorkeeper and was refused and was finally compelled by the force of circumstances to take the field as a public lecturer, where he remained until his death. And not the least effort was made in or out of Congress to relieve the family, as has been done in other cases—or has a single dollar been asked for or appropriated by a Democratic House to erect even a slab or anything of national interest to mark the last resting place of the Patriot and Soldier; nor has either of the three States that he represented so faithfully and honestly in the Senate of the United States manifested the least interest in that direction. Shame on such ingratitude and all honor to the State of Illinois for the noble example it has set for her sister States and the nation to follow in the liberal appropriation recently made by the Legislature of that State for a monument to General Logan; a grateful acknowledgment of the eminent services of a great and worthy man, but is General Shields less deserving?

When the South attempted to dissolve the Union and openly defied the power of the Federal Government and insulted our flag, the old general was again called to the front and was the first to defeat Stonewall Jackson at Winchester, Virginia, in 1862. The battle was fought in an old pasture on the right-hand side of the National Pike, going south, and about one

and a half miles south of the city of Winchester. In the midst of that deadly conflict, when the chances for victory were about even, General Shields rushed to the front, and taking a position upon an elevation that made him the target for the enemy, cheered his brave soldiers, who, following his example, rushed upon the enemy and won the battle by storm. And it was then the Old Hero looked out upon the retreating army of Jackson and smiled, notwithstanding he had received a wound, in his left arm from a shell, which he had carefully concealed from his men until the old flag waved in triumph, when he was found so weak from the loss of blood that he was helped from the field.

And yet the historian, either through ignorance, prejudice or the irresistible influence of party power, walked blindly over one of the brightest pages of American history and doubtless feels as much surprised at this time over the discovery of the missing leaf as a wandering ghost in a deserted grave-yard.

Irishmen and Soldiers of our common country, are you satisfied with such ingratitude and unjust discrimination? If not, organize in every town and city, and if your representatives refuse to act, contribute your mite and with what others will freely give, a suitable monument can be reared to him whose name will live with generations to come and grow brighter upon the green leaves of holy memory, that will ever linger around the grave of the hero and statesman, where the Stars and the Stripes with the Shamrock are mutually blended and folded together.

O. W. S.

June 7th, 1889.

LETTERS FROM GEN. JAMES SHIELDS.

WASHINGTON, January 3, 1857.

HON. O. W. STREETER, St. Paul, Minn.

DEAR SIR:

Your note which you handed me before I left I have read and destroyed. The letter is not needed as a reminder. Your devotion and energy in the late contest will not soon be forgotten by me. As yet I am the only one of the delegation here. There will be no opposition to our admission at once. There may be some objection by three members, but not much, I hope. I have seen the print. Douglas was in New York and has only returned. I have not seen him, but shall see him to-day. There is a good deal of feeling on the Kansas question. Still I do not think there will be a rupture. We are not expressing any opinion until in the Union. The Filibustering is, next to Kansas, the exciting subject. This will be a very interesting session. Mr. Goodrich promised to print a list of all the members, with their residence post-office, and I will remind him of it.

Your friend,

JAS. SHIELDS.

WASHINGTON, April 3, 1858.

HON. O. W. STREETER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter has been lying on my table a few days because I wished to be able to see the action of the House on the Lecompton bill before writing. On the first the vote was taken indicating the defeat of that bill. The issue is now fairly made between the Senate and the House, and no one can tell how it will end, but my opinion is Lecompton is dead. Now as to Minnesota. It is still hung up in the Senate. There will be a trial of strength on the question I think next Monday. It will pass both branches I think soon, but I should not be disappointed to see an attempt made to

reject it. I had hoped that before your adjournment you could, in concert with the most liberal and patriotic of the Republicans, take up a question which affects the honor and interest of the State and which is not a party question, because the Constitution is the work of both parties; that is, in a calm, dignified appeal to Congress by a joint committee of your body show how much our State would suffer by being kept out of the Union; that as a people we had been obedient to the behests of the General Government, and that as an honest, loyal people we looked to the General Government for justice and immediate admission. Such an appeal would have strengthened the Democratic party and given it dignity and raised the character of the State. This was my opinion. Such a movement ought to have been made without any distinction of party. But I suppose I was wrong. Now let that pass. It has not been done. Our State is silent, and it would be expecting too much to see public opinion in the nation rise up to rectify a wrong that we did not seem to feel ourselves. Still North and South there seems to be but one opinion, and that is that Minnesota has been unjustly treated.

Now I must say that all this struck me as wise, politic and, what is more, manly. So far as the Democratic party is concerned, you need be under no apprehension in my case as to my course. I am getting old. My whole course of public life has been Democratic, and what is strange, I never gave any vote but a Democratic vote, and what is certain, never will intentionally. But, thank God, I am too much of a Democrat to surrender my own convictions of right and wrong to any man, though he may be the President. I consider the President wrong in the Kansas policy. With this conviction I would be a dog and not a Democrat to uphold that wrong. I consider his policy wrong in keeping Minnesota out of the Union in order to force Kansas in. I cannot uphold this, either. I have not made this situation. I found it made and had to act. Our silence under this wrong was making us despicable. The worm turns when you tread upon it. I did it with sorrow, with-

out passion and without bombast. I have considered what was right, and to the best of my poor abilities have done it. It will pain me to find that friends who agreed with me at home, and who have been so true and generous to me, may now differ from me; but I tell you on these points my course is taken. There is not a public man in the Union to whom I am more attached than to James Buchanan. He is at the very pinnacle of power,—and when my sense of right made me oppose his policy in relation to Kansas and Minnesota, you may be assured it is not a shallow feeling. I have no fears about the drivel of joining the Republican party. That may scare some; it has no terrors for me. My character, my life, and convictions give the lie to any such charge. Douglas never fought a battle but in the front ranks of Democracy, yet he is called a renegade. This frightens fools and cowards. I will do right before God and man as I understand it, and no man or set of men have a right to drive me out of the Democratic party. No, my course is to strengthen the party, to show good men that we can resist wrong, let it come from where it will; that we neither suffer Presidents nor Cabinets to dictate to us; that wherever the people are wronged we are their defenders. This is real Democracy. Every honest man must feel this, and, what is more, this will prevail. Le-comptonism, with all its frauds, forgeries and perjuries, will be swept out of the land before six months. The South, as well as the North, is rising against it. It will remain a leper in the history of our country. Keep cool, my friend. I don't want you or any other man to join the Republicans, but we will make thousands of honest Republicans join us.

Your friend,

JAS. SHIELDS.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1885.

O. W. STREETER, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You are right about our relations. There is nothing could make me ever forget the manner in which you supported me in St. Paul. You have talents and energy and the most sterling fidelity, to judge from your course last winter. I cannot enter into a full statement of things here. Minnesota has nothing to expect but unjust treatment. The clique that rules not only the President, but the Government, at this time does not care a button for Minnesota. It is not in their count. A bold move at one time would have been followed through the Northwest, and just now this junto would be prostrate. New men would be in power and our officials put where most of them ought to be. The opportunity was not improved. I blame no one. You had other matters to attend to; you had hopes that this conflict about Kansas would be settled, and the move at home appeared too bold and hazardous. I say, my friend, I do not blame you or any other of my noble friends, but I find we are not yet thoroughly disciplined as a party in our country. First, to make ourselves felt here we must have a strong, permanent organization and party at home. This must be powerful, knit together and self-reliant. Well, next, to be respected here, it is not necessary to acquiesce tamely and servilely to every fool project presented in the name of the administration. On the contrary the surest way to command influence and respect and wield patronage ever is to oppose what you think unjust, and when a State, or two or three do this, why it results in success. This is understood at the South. Southern men never hesitate to attack what they think wrong. States wheel into line and the administration succumbs. I take the liberty of opening this to you because I know you to be intelligent and gallant. In one word, nothing is obtained from such an administration as this upon a principle of justice, but everything can be accomplished that is just and honorable from a principle of fear and respect. Now what was our policy at home: First, to strengthen our party at home by getting all the liberal men of

the other party to unite with you on Douglas's position. This is a Democratic position. The Democracy can stand upon it at home, and home is the place to consider first. Secondly, to have got them to unite in an appeal, firm, just, bold and manly, to Congress to call for justice to Minnesota. No party can maintain itself that forgets the dignity and interest of its own State and people for a moment. You could have rallied a party on these two points that would have controlled Minnesota for ever. Now had you gone into this boldly the Northwest at that time would have followed and the Cabinet now would be remodelled. Minnesota had what military men call a commanding position. The administration by doing you a great wrong gave you the position; well, you thought prudence the better part of valor, and said and did nothing to show that you felt the wrong and that you would look to yourselves for redress. Now understand me, my friend; when I say you, I do not mean you personally, but the State, the whole people, and only speak of it as it appeared from abroad. But that is over. The past is gone. What next? I will tell you something. Rice will get nothing. He has no power here. Minnesota will get nothing as things stand. The President is an honest, conscientious man, but he has got himself in the hands of *ruinists*. They don't want a Northern Democracy — on the contrary, they mean to destroy it. They have done it. One part they have enslaved and purchased and degraded. This part they despise. The others they hope to see beaten by the Republicans and put out of the way in that manner. I could tell you queer things on this point. You thought the selling and buying of votes in St. Paul by our opponents bad enough; well, it is not a circumstance to Washington. What makes this discouraging is that the President is an honest, upright man and keeping his mind on Kansas. They can accomplish their plunder and spoliation. Were he a knave then God save the Republic, say I. The end of all this will in my opinion be the downfall of these men or the ruin of the Democracy. Your friend,

JAS. SHIELDS.

HEADQUARTERS SHIELDS'S DIVISION,
NEAR NEW MARKET, VA., May 10, 1862.

Quartermasters and wagon masters on the route from these headquarters to Winchester, are requested to furnish the bearer, O. W. Streeter, Esq., transportation to the latter place.

JAS. SHIELDS,
Major-General Commanding Division.

CARROLLTON, MO., September 11, 1867.

O. W. STREETER, ESQ.,
Fort Scott, Kan.

DEAR SIR:

I received your kind letter yesterday. It was with great regret that I learned you had visited this place last year in my absence. I wrote you a letter on my return, but evidently you never received it. Well, I am glad to hear from you once more and sincerely hope you will meet with success in your new home. My health is good and I am quietly plodding along as a farmer, in peace with the world. I hardly know what to think of the future. It looks more than gloomy, it is dark and dismal looking. The people have lost their reverence and respect for the principles of constitutional liberty that have been established by the wisdom of ages. They have got wild notions of government that indicate an intellectual as well as a moral deterioration. Will they recover from this? There is the question — and it is a serious one — one that goes far deeper than ordinary politics. It is hard to say. A highly civilized people that can look with complacency upon what they call reconstruction in the South, that is, putting a civilized and refined people of their own white race under the control of an uncivilized and brutalized black race, are sadly and shockingly demoralized. The natural instincts and refined sentiments of such a people must of necessity have undergone a frightful change. In God's name and in the name of humanity let the negro have full justice done him. Let him have all the advan-

tages the whites have and more than all if need be to improve and elevate his condition. Let everything be done to fit him to enjoy liberty and exercise power, but in the meantime let the whites continue to control who know how to do both. But the work is done and God knows how it will end. There is only one peaceful solution of this problem, a convention of all the States, and a reconstruction of the whole system. Without this it will end in a war of races in the South and something nearly as bad in the North. The Democratic party must save the country if it is to be saved. But that party is also greatly demoralized. If it were not it could carry the next President, for by that time the whole country will see that we are going the road of ruin. The reorganization of the Democratic party is now the only hope. It is about to reorganize, I think — California shows this. Ohio is showing it let the election go as it may, and if Pennsylvania and New York follow, it may prove successful. It is late to change, but the President by a firm course can still do much if he refuses to listen to traitors. I have hope that we are on the eve of a change in public opinion. I am glad you are pleased with your location. I hope to hear from you often. Poor Kavanagh ; I would like to hear of his success. I am told there is a great change in public sentiment in Minnesota. Write me often. Give my best wishes to your family.

Your friend,

JAS. SHIELDS.

CARROLLTON, CARROLL Co., Mo., June 24, 1874.

O. W. STREETER, ESQ., Tucson, Arizona Territory.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I have this day received your letter, and wondered at it coming from Tucson. I am sincerely glad to hear from you and I sincerely hope you will be successful every way. If you are as efficient now as you were when you helped so successfully to send me to the Senate, I would prefer you to a dozen of those I have now. I met with an acci-

dent last year — a broken thigh — and am still lame; I fear I will never wholly recover. My health is otherwise good. I have some acquaintance with Lee Bashford. He stood high in his State. I believe he is a high-spirited man. Missouri, as you know, is Democratic, but party ties are not strong; here people have grown tired of party. I passed through Tucson in 1860. It is a very beautiful spot. I suppose it has improved much. The climate is hot, but delightful. Let my old friends know that I am still in the land of the living and live a very quiet, happy life. I care little for public life now. I will follow you now with interest, so write me from time to time.

Your sincere friend,

JAS. SHIELDS.

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER.

WASHINGTON, February 6, 1879.

HON. O. W. STREETER,
Caledonia, Minn.

DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter reminds me of old times and old friends. You may rely upon me to do all in my power for anything you have an interest in.

With best wishes,

Your old friend,

JAS. SHIELDS.

THE HOME OF GENERAL EWING ON MONU-
MENTAL HILL.

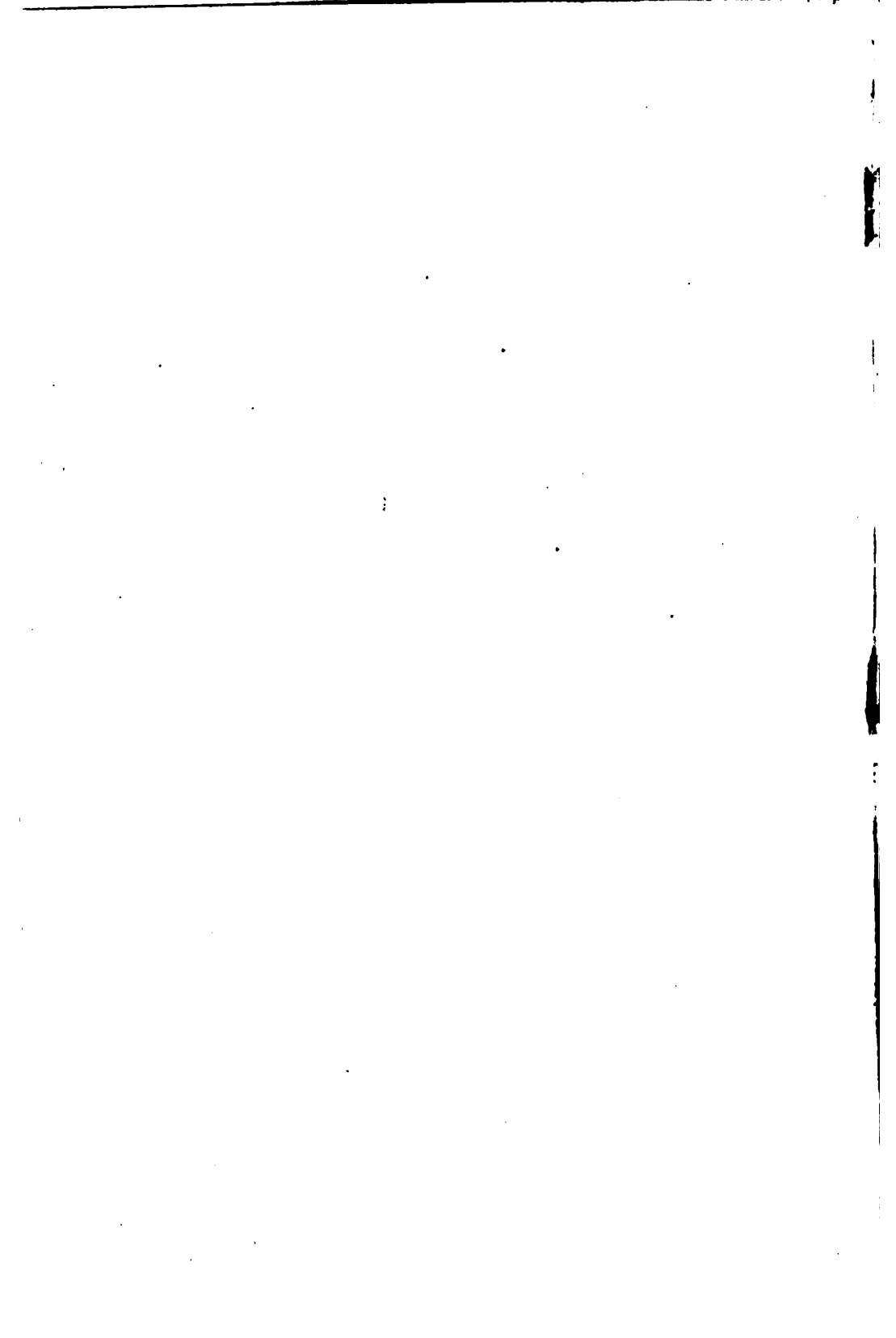
The writer was one of the number who occupied places on the train that conveyed the remains of General Ewing, with his family and friends, from New York to Yonkers, where hundreds had assembled to take the last fond look at his deserted tent of clay, once the seat of life and thought, but now cold and inanimate, and as we gazed upon that familiar face we thought that

all could plainly see the faint smile that still lingered to present the beautiful picture of the saintly farewell of the soul to the body, leaving a bright index to the golden pages of his public and private life. His wisdom and ripe experience placed him far in advance of the age in which he lived. His record as statesman and general won for him the gratitude of the nation and the admiration and respect of his countrymen.

And when the floral casket was closed, and he was borne to his last resting place, eyes were bedewed with tears and a thoughtful silence that seemed to mingle with eternity closed the solemn and impressive service. And viewing the chosen spot that holds within its sacred grasp his honored clay, that must yield to the law of its own creation and mingle dust with dust, we turned from the scene to take the parting look at his beautiful home on Monumental Hill that overlooks from its moulded summit the Hudson River with its delightful scenery and unwritten pages that nature has so plainly marked upon its historic shores and romantic hills through which this mountain stream has carved its way to meet and hug the tide, where memories still linger to fire the patriotic heart of generations to come, is where we laid him.

Fit place for the soldier, statesman, patriot, lawyer and jurist to rest, where the Hudson keeps the faithful record of time and tide, while the endless ages come and go.

O. W. STREETER, New York, 1896.



NO END OF TIME, NO BEGINNING OF
ALL; WORLDS HAVE NO DATE
NEITHER HAS MAN.

Who, when reason points the way
Can doubt what endless ages say,
That man with mind and thought sublime
Began the record with endless time.

But most we learn from the title page
Is the power and glory of an endless age,
That far beyond our field of thought
Are beautiful worlds where man is taught.

Here turn to nature's living page
That keeps the record of every age,
And learn what years that's gone before
Has left in the wake of evermore,
While the finger of time dots every page
And travels with time through every age.

And there is no change in the heavenly plan
Or the years that measure the life of man;
No change in nature or nature's laws;
No change in worlds that make no pause;
No change in the tides that ebb and flow
Or the millions of earth that come and go.

No change in that eternal hand
That blessed the worlds designed for man,
Who comes and goes with the passing years
To an endless home in brighter spheres,
And who of all the faithful band
Could fill the place now filled by man.

Here thought deserts its earthly home
To traverse new fields to spirits known,
Where nature scattered with open hand
Grandeur and beauty o'er worlds of man.

Another thought invades the mind
That's traversed creation the truth to find,
That the sacred records of endless plans
Show no beginning of worlds or man,
But reason as you may or can
God's creation was made for man.

And long as Eve in Eden strolled,
Or earth was blessed with living souls,
Planets were flying through boundless space
With peopled worlds in the endless race,
And a land with brighter sky than earth
Was the home of man at Adam's birth.

Thus Adam was not the first of all,
But first in Paradise to fall,
Where all stood upright face to face
While Adam pleaded to save his race.

Here thought turns back from scenes of earth
To the great creation that had no birth,
Where countless ages has failed to see
The end of time or eternity.

But crazy thought may still contend
There was a beginning that time must end;
A beginning of all where there was no time
No hand above or light to shine.

What a strange beginning where time don't run
And the threads of life are never spun;
Was this a time when there was no time,
No ruling power or hand divine,
When strange confusion reigned supreme
And no creative power was seen?

Could the endless creation from nothing spring
Without the power of God within?
With nothing above, nothing below,
Nothing to see, nothing to know,
But ominous silence that spreads over all,
With eternity's shroud that covers the whole.

What a strange beginning to cover all,
No hand to guide or voice to call,
No finger to move the hands of time,
No planets to travel or stars to shine
For all was silent, empty and void,
And there was no hand or power of God.

The sacred records and pages true
Show heavens and earth were all made new,

But that was not a beginning of all
Only covered poor Adam's fall.

Here thought like the restless ocean tide
That finds no harbor on either side,
Turns to waves and sea washed shore
That sing the song of evermore,
There was no beginning and never can be,
For God rules time and eternity.

Then how could there be a beginning of all
When there is but one God the father of all;
Who had no beginning and never can fall,
Whose wisdom and power extends over all.

It may be that worlds from nothing can spring
Where there is no God or living thing,
No life, no power, no hand divine,
Not a world to move or sun to shine
For nothing was left to rise or fall
But a dancing shadow on an empty wall,
With nothing to make it, the shadow was all.

There is no time when there was no time,
A beginning or end of power divine;
But if ever there is a beginning of all
The temple of God will surely fall,
And time close up her pages bright
To sleep through one chaotic night,
While worlds their deep toned murmur keep
And nature rocks herself to sleep.

Here the mind is taxed beyond its power
With complex questions of every hour,
While truth and reason both contend,
Worlds had no beginning and never can end.

Not a written page in earth's formation
Speaks of worlds or their creation,
And all the records of Adam's birth
Belong exclusively to earth.

A beginning still haunts a restless mind,
And search was made new records to find;
But with all the pages of heaven divine
We found no beginning or end of time.

But all who lived under Adam's fall
Claim there was a beginning of all,
But reason laughs at the crazy thought
And turns from the errors that earth has taught,
While buried ages wake to see
The dawn of a new eternity.

The heavens that form our earthly sky
With her rainbow tints that beautify,
Had an earthly formation before the day
That Adam's glory passed away.

Our skylit heavens is part of earth,
But heaven above could have no birth,
For that is God's eternal throne,
His paradise and endless home;
Where truth and justice light the way
And life is one eternal day.

There was no earthly beginning of all,
For worlds were too large, and earth too small,
And though a part of the great creation,
Was without form or animation.

Here thought reviews the beginning of all,
And the mind with memory's pages recall
The answer of time, that answers for all.

"There was no beginning or end of all,
And worlds that glide o'er the endless trail
Outside of earth respect the tale."

If there was a time when time was no time,
No worlds to waltz or suns to shine;
This was a time when creation was free
To begin or end with eternity.

But how could there be a beginning of all;
No power to create or save the whole;
No inspiration or heavenly light,
For all is one mysterious night;
Nothing exists in the vacant place,
No earth, no worlds, no time or space;
No power to rise or place to fall,
No hand to save, no God of all.

The lamps above are turned down
And the mist of time is gathering 'round;
Not a ray of light to cheer the gloom,
For all is hushed in a living tomb;

Nature is sleeping and all is still,
Not a whisper is heard from valley or hill,
The waves have stopped singing and rest on the
 shore,
While a voice is repeating that time is no more.

Rivers no longer go rushing to sea;
The birds look for shelter but none can they see,
The sea gulls are screaming for rocks on the
 shore,
But a voice is shouting that time is no more.

Alas, it is the end and beginning of all,
And the universe trembles o'er what may befall.

Mountains and hills are tumbled together,
And the music of heaven is hushed forever;
Fountains and rivers leave nothing but beds,
And the universe sleeps, for all is dead.

What unknown hand with gifted power
Could make creation at such an hour,
And could a beginning of all begin
With nothing but chaos, outside and in.

And, with worlds of nothing that float outside,
We are lost in the wake of a doubtful tide;
No voice to cheer, or hand is seen
And nature is snoring, like one in a dream.

With such a beginning, creation must end
And the life and light of all suspend.

No saving hand or power supreme;
No earthly planet, or earth is seen;
No suns of heaven to light the way,
Where all was once as bright as day;
No waves to hug the ocean shore
And sing the song of evermore;
No rivers shout to kiss the tide,
For there is no worlds on the other side.

Creation was lost in the beginning of all
And there's none to answer, none to call,
For nothing was left of the beginning of all
But eternity's shadow that shrouded the whole.

This picture may be overdrawn,
But comes from the records of time that's gone

And here we turn to the reasoning side
And over the waves all smoothly glide,
For there is no beginning and never was;
For time has never made a pause
And a beginning could never precede the end,
And doubt, would common sense offend.

If there was a time when there was no time,
No worlds above or suns to shine,
That was the time when all was free;
For a beginning or end with eternity.

Oh! misdirected minds and thought,
What strange and startling themes you taught,
That time will have a beginning of all
And the throne of God will surely fall,
That a new creation, with change of power,
Will have control of the evil hour.

Wretched thought, to thus profane
His endless power and holy name;
Whose arm extends o'er land and sea
And covers the hills of eternity.

There is no end to eternal space;
No end to worlds, in the endless race,
And no evil hand, or beginning of all
Can reproduce or even recall
The wicked farce that played on all.

And the picture that portrayed the scene
Hangs high in the temple of wonders seen;
And nature is printing her brightest page.

Oh! foolish thought to still contend
That God's creation can have an end;
Whose power is eternal and breathes in all;
And how can it ever rise or fall?

It extends over land, mountains and sea,
And covers the fields of immensity;
And there is no bounds to time or space,
No end to worlds in the endless race,
Or the hand that guides the universe.

Here time reviews her dusty pages
To find old records of slumbering ages,
But nothing reveals a beginning or end,
And the records of time God's truth defends.

For there is but one God, the Father of all,
Whose hand is eternal and never can fall.
His power extends over mountains and seas
And the boundless fields of eternity;
And there is no end to the hand divine,
No end to worlds, no end to time;
No end to the song that nature sings,
God lives and moves in everything;
There can be no beginning or end of all,
For His power can never rise or fall.

Here nature joins the endless strain
And echo sings it o'er again;
There is no beginning or end of time,
No end to the endless hand divine.

And the rivers rejoice to meet the tide,
And the brooks are singing from every side;
The waves are dancing from shore to shore,
Singing the song of evermore.

Not a whisper is heard, of a beginning of all,
'Tis a thing of the past, time never recalls.

And worlds unite in a sacred strain
And repeat it o'er and o'er again;
There can be no beginning or end of time,
When all creation, great God, is thine.

And again the rivers go singing to sea
And worlds rejoice that all is free,
The waves that meet and hug the shore
Repeat the song of evermore;
Creation joins the endless strain
And chants it o'er and o'er again,
There is no beginning and never was;
For time has never made a pause.

And worlds outside of earth, are all
Free from the taint of Adam's fall.

But neither Eden's rise or fall,
Or the stern decree that covered all,
Changed a dot in the endless plan
Of the great formation of earth and man.

And who will claim what has been taught
That Adam was first endowed with thought,
When long before Eden was known to earth
Or man received a mortal birth.

Man lived in higher worlds and spheres
In the light of God's eternal years,
And first appeared with endless time,
Stamped with the image of God divine.

Thus man was born with endless time
Where all was free, and all divine,
And unknown years have rolled away
In silence, to eternity.

Worlds have no date, neither has man,
For both are part of the endless plan;
And there was no beginning or end of all,
For God and his universe first must fall.

Foolish thought to thus contend
That God could have a beginning or end;
Whose power is eternal and ever controls
Countless worlds of living souls
And how could a beginning ever be
When God is in all and eternity.

Here thought with silent power divine
Reflects its light, like suns, that shine;
And gliding through realms of beauty and space,
Sheds living light to an endless race.

Go, search the pages and records divine
That have no beginning or end of time;
Look for the date of worlds and man;
And the record of God's eternal plan.

Silence the waves that kiss the shore
And sing that time is evermore;
Hush the song of the mountain streams,
That mingle with nature's sweetest dreams;
Change solitude from sweet repose
To where the noisy rabble goes;
Search all the records of ancient lore
For the time when there was no time before.

View worlds outside creation's span,
Find the end of all and beginning of man.

Change nature's laws, time reverse,
And try to rule the universe;
Then explore the fields of sober thought
And study the lessons that time has taught

Then turn to the ancient page of time
And find who is next to the power divine;
For there's nothing in creation or the heavenly
plan
Stamped with the image of God but man.

No higher gift could God bestow
Than that which all creation knows.

Then look for worlds that have a date,
And earth that shares poor Adam's fate.

That the sacred record and ancient page,
Show man has lived through every age;
In other worlds and fairer climes,
Where the light of heaven forever shines.

And who can doubt what ages say,
That man has lived eternally;
That long before light dawned on earth
Or Adam and Eve had special birth.

Planets were moving with time through space
With peopled worlds in the endless race;
Thus man is traced from page to page
Through endless worlds of every age;
With no beginning or end divine,
For the eternal records, great God, are thine.

And here we turn to boundless fields
Where man the harvest sickle wields.
He plows and cultivates the soil
And earns his bread by honest toil;
Sows the seed, plows the corn,
Works with the sun from early morn;
Makes labor dignified and free
And rules the commerce of the sea.

This heavenly gift bestowed on man
Is part of the great original plan,
That made him first in the great formation
And the highest type of God's creation.

And who can doubt his beginning with time
When he bears the image of God divine;

How can reason and thought contend
That endless words can have an end;
As well to say God has no power
To save creation at such an hour.

They are not familiar with nature's law
That God has placed before us all,
Or the living record and endless plans
That cover the fruitful fields of man.

And reason as you will or can
Worlds were all designed for man.

Adam first settled and lived upon earth,
But outside worlds had millions first;

Four hundred years before Adam's time
Zachariah lived in worlds sublime,
Through unknown ages that come and go
Where memory lives to brighter grow.

Where valleys and rivers, and mountain streams
Fill worlds with sweet poetic dreams;
While the waves that wash the ocean shore
All sing the song of evermore;
And nature joins the heavenly song,
And beautiful worlds go shouting on.

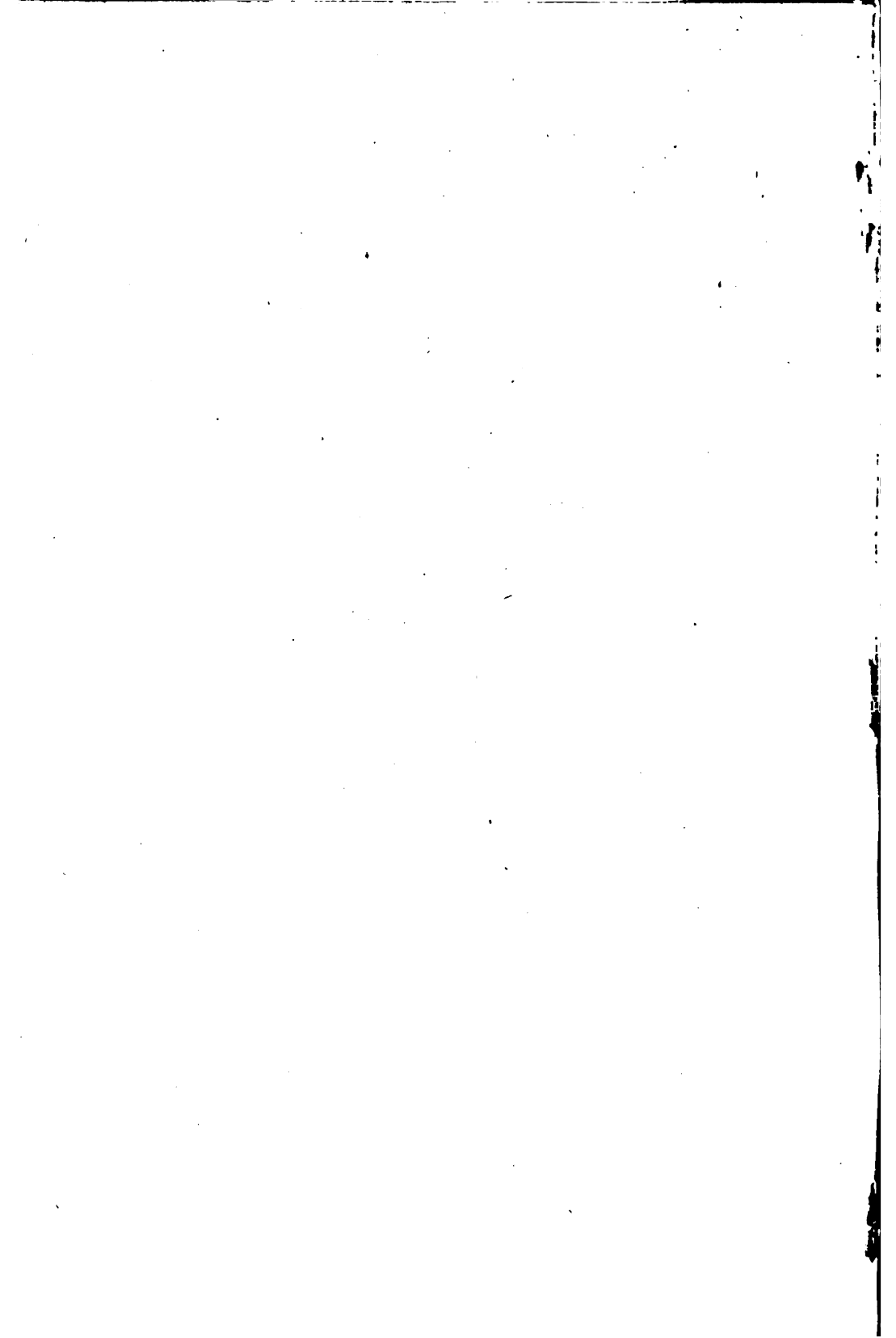
Here time turns to the endless page
That follows creation through every age,
While the millions come and the millions go
But the secrets of heaven they never know;
And the grandest scene in worlds divine,
Is the finger that moves the hands of time.

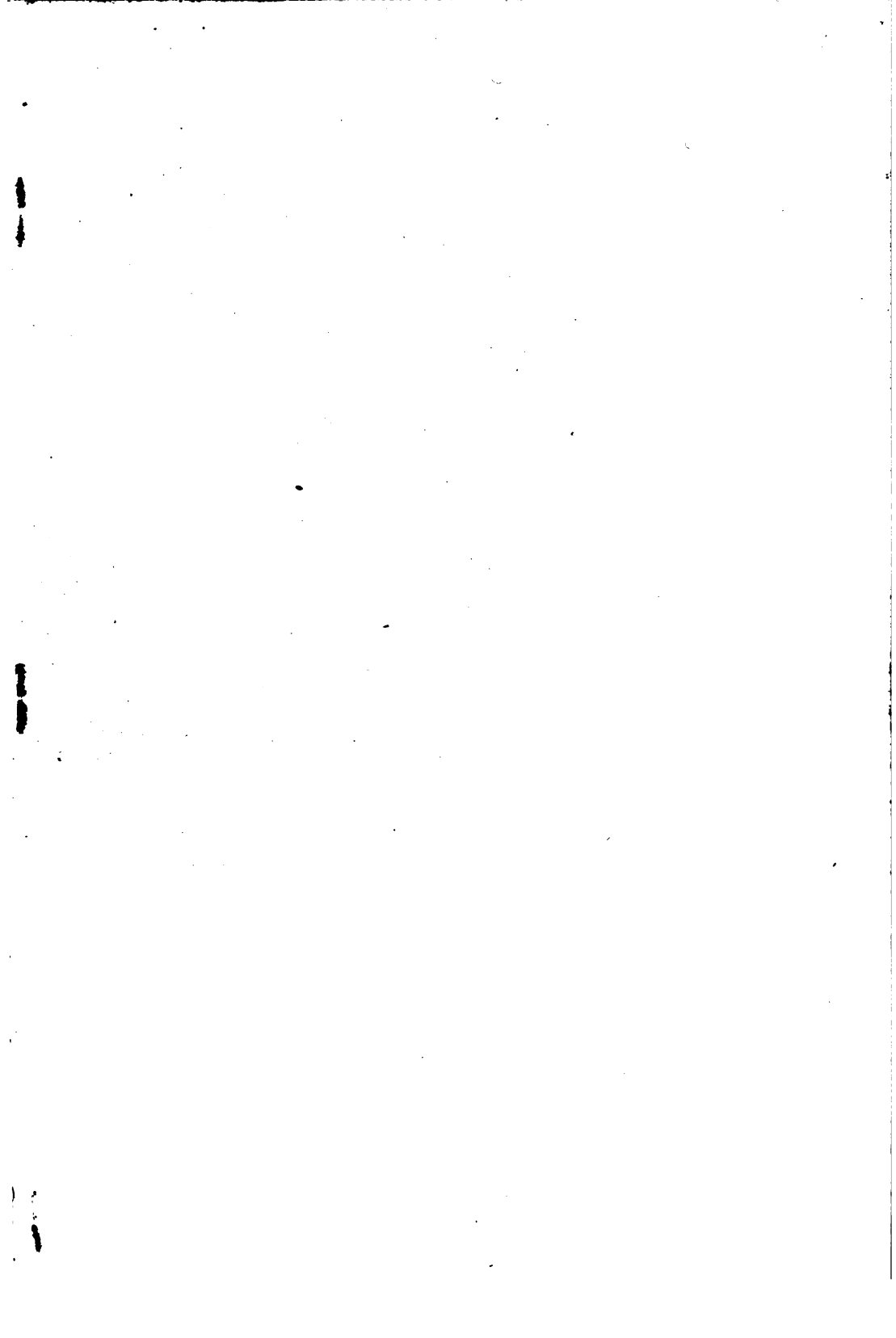
And now contented with our sphere,
All our mortal efforts here
Should be to reach that higher sphere.

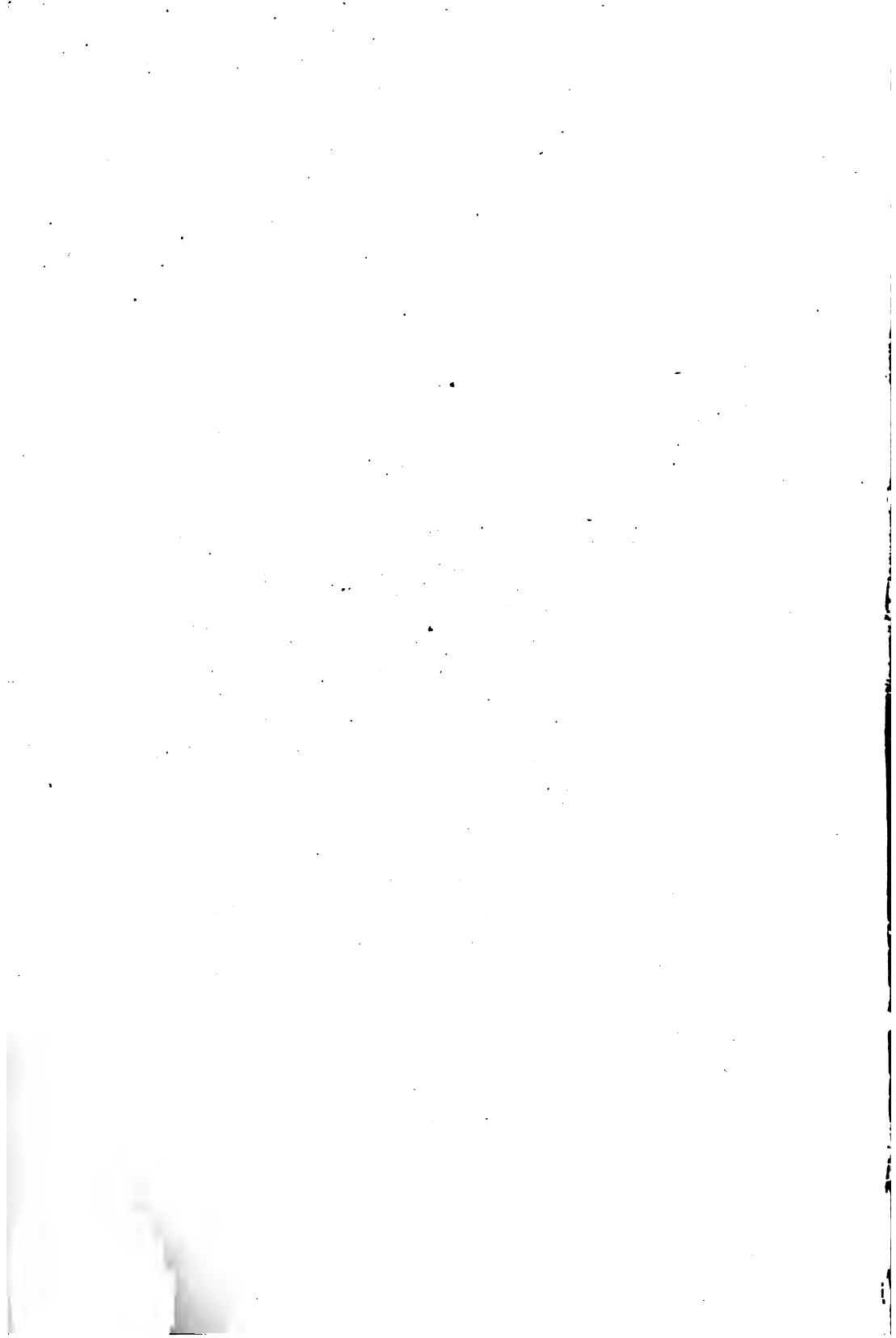
And we drift with endless thought
To nature's fields, where man is taught;
Where the light of all creation shines
On nature's pages all sublime;
And here we bow to the heavenly host,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost. "

OSCAR W. STREETER.

SUPERIOR, WIS., May 1, 1902.

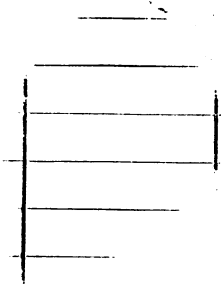


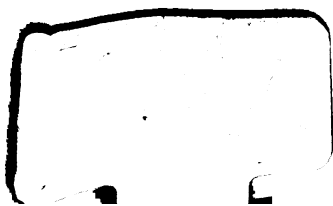


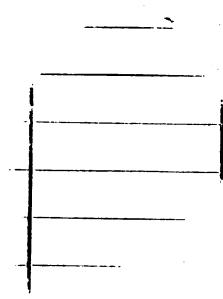




Printed by the author
Oscar H. Wheeler 30 Rm
Shore May 24. 1902
Oscar H. Wheeler







Presented by the author
Oscar H. Shuster to Ruby
Shorne May 24. 1902
Oscar H. Shuster

